The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

"Old Hutch's" clerk has robbed him of $60,000. Well, that would only be robber robbing robber.

Gen. Hastings will please note that Boss Quay is a bigger man in Cambria county than the Johnstown flood.

To Dan Hastings—The Republican masses are for you, but that does not signify anything, as the bosses are not for you.

The Auditors' Report shows that Henderson and Decker put in more days the last year, as Commissioners, than in any previous year, while Mr. Fiedler put in fewer.

The general drift among the Democrats is towards ex-Senator Wallace for Governor. Among the Republicans the popular feeling is in favor of Hastings, but Quay and the monopolistic Standard Oil Company insist it shall be Delamater.

We are told a puppy is still snarling at the good REPORTER. It's only a short time ago a pack of a dozen of them conspired to do all kinds of terrible things with it—but we brushed 'em all aside with one little finger, to the amusement of the audience. A whiffet thinks he's safe when he can snarl with his nose under the gate.

The Republican organs are in great glee over Ingall's speech in the Senate about the negroe's wrongs. Well, let's see how deep this love runs: In Republican Pennsylvania not a single negro has been elected by that party to any county office, or to the State Legislature, or to Congress.

Is this wrong or is it right? Do not all answer at once. Where have these Republicans done "justice" to the poor negro for the votes he gives them?

The new carpet bag postmaster of Bellefonte has not yet been able to decide whether to leave his whiskey jug hid in the *Gazette* office, where the boys have occasionally found it and had a sip, or to remove it to the postoffice; or, shall he have a jug both at the printing office and one at the postoffice? We believe the Polecat City debating club intends to take up this question for debate at its next meeting.

The Altoona *Tribune* thinks the monument building mania has taken possession of a number of the friends of the late Dr. E. E Higbee and they have issued an appeal for contributions from the public school children for that purpose. We have no inclination to criticize the dead, but are constrained to say that until monuments have been erected to the memory of earlier champions of the common schools that to the recently deceased superintendent of public instruction should wait.

In Kansas, it appears, they have the grip pretty badly and have been taking to the flask quite industriously, and now are after the druggists in good earnest At Leavenworth fifteen suits against as many druggists were commenced by Assistant Attorney General Black, who was appointed by the governor for the special purpose of enforcing the prohibition law. The attorney alleges that every druggist in the city has been violating the law. One druggist acknowledges having sold 200 flasks of whiskey in 24 hours to those who thought they had the grip.

Calvin S. Brice, the newly elected United States Senator from Ohio, was overwhelmed with callers in New York on Tuesday, but cheerfully listened to a request by a reporter for a statement as to the charges of corruption on his part in the late Senatorial contest. "The statements as to money being paid are untrue. No member or Senator received from me, or any one for me, directly or indirectly, in person or through others, any money or anything of money value, before the election or since, or the promise or hope of any; and this applies both to the vote in the caucus and to the Legislature."

Communication was established for a short time between Sacramento and the Truckee office on the eastern side of the Sierra mountains. It was learned that the snow at the latter place was sixteen feet deep on the track. The late rains, followed by frosts, had transformed this into ice, which will have to be chopped out or shoveled away by hand.

From Colusa, in the western part of the Sacramento valley, reports come that the farms for twenty-two miles north and south of there are covered with water to a depth of from two to six feet.

The loss throughout the state cannot yet be approximately estimated, but it will be very great.

Farmers' Meetings.

The farmers' meetings that have recently been held in every county of the state are attracting a great deal of attention among all classes and much interest is felt in the proceedings, as matters of vital importance to the agriculturist as well as every class and occupation of our people, are discussed. These meetings very properly are open and free to all as they are intended to enlighten the people upon subjects in which all, and the farmers in particular are interested.

The agricultural population of our state numbers about 400,000, and this vast number is intended to be benefitted by these farmers' meetings, upon the subject of better roads, reduced taxation, and kindred questions. Of the 400,000 agriculturists of our state, according to Secretary Thomas' report, only 35,000 are members of the Grange, thus it will be seen that about 1 out of 11 of our agricultural population is a member of the Grange.

Hence we conclude that a movement that represents about 360,000 of non-Grangers, will be productive of good results in ameliorating the depressed condition of our agriculturists, in which direction numbers of the honest grangers have also been working.

With the 360,000 outside of the grange and the co operation of 35,000 in the order, there will be no failure in any movement that is matured to relieve the farmer of unjust burdens.

In our own county several of these meetings have been held recently and much interest was manifested in them.

Goff Exposed.

The exposure of republican frauds of West Virginia was completed on Saturday by General J. W. St. Clair. He did it, a dispatch from Charleston tell us, by proving that Goff had deliberately attempted to deceive the assembly and palm off false evidence on it. Goff made a sweeping charge that twelve votes had been taken from him by the contest committee were there was no proof that the men ever voted. He took up a printed copy of the poll lists and claimed that the names of the men were not on the lists. General St. Clair presented the original lists and proved that the name of every man whose vote was thrown out was on them, and than proved that Goff had the original lists in hands, and knew that he was falsifing when he made his charge. Goff was present and made an attempt to reply. An exciting scene ensued. St. Clair read the lists, showing Goff's double dealing, and the republican leader was silenced.

Goff seems to be a man of the Foraker stripe and the people of West Virginia would be in need of sympathy if he were placed in the gubernatorial chair. What do the Southern outrang organs think of those "intense haters of fraud," Foraker and Goff, anyhow.

Dom Pedro, Brazil's exiled emperor, is engaged on memoirs of his life and reign, to be published after his death. This is almost his sole occupation at present. He reads a great deal and enjoys literary work.

Questioned by a correspondent who visited him at Cannes as to why he had so long maintained silence on the subject of the revolution, Dom Pedro said he had abstained from speaking of Brazilian affairs because neither remonstrance nor discussion could help matters. The work of revolution was accomplished. He preferred to let his enemies have a full hearing, and leave the world to judge.

"I believe," said the emperor, "that what has happened will be permanent unless an attemp is made to set up a dictatorship. Even an unpopular sovereign is to be preferred to a military dictator, whose rule would be fatal to any country. Although dethroned and cruelly exiled, I am deeply interested in the progress and prosperity of the people of Brazil. God knows I did all in my power to give them a satisfactory government, but at last vaulting ambition took flight above reason and seemed to compel obedience to its behests, whether right or wrong."

"What do you think of the future of Brazil?"

"I fear that there will be division internally, as the north and south were never on good termes."

"If you should be elected president of the republic, as some of your friends propose, would you return to Brazil!"

"With all my heart; whethea as emperor, president or private citizn, I would gladly return to die among my people.

The itinerant umbrella menders are the only ones for whose business the rainy spell has produced a boom.

The next Republican nominee for Governor won't be Hastings—it will be the Standard Oil Co. monopoly's man, Delamater.

Village Life on the Upper Congo.

Many of the villages on the upper Congo consist merely of fifty to sixty log-huts, two-thirds of the population being generally women. In many districts women are considered as currency, their value increasing as they attain a greater degree of corpulency. Each woman has as many metal ornaments as she can wear some composed of iron, others brass and copper. These metals are the money of the country, so that the more a woman can heap herself the greater becomes her value. Each chief has as many wives as he can afford to buy or marry, which is only another form of purchase. Early in the morning few of these women are to be found in the villages, as they start off at daybreak to work in their plantations, and do not return until about noon. However, a few always have to remain to attend to the necessary domestic items of life, such as cooking and their toilet. These central Africans are very particular in all items in connection with their toilet, which consists of plaiting their hair shaving off the eyebrows pulling out the eyelashes, cutting their nails right down to the quick, and besmearing their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and camwood.

In another part of the villages are seen some of the villagers engaged in making fishing nets and basket-work, and being helped by the young boys of the village, who become initiated into these crafts at a very early age. Again, under some shady tree, in another corner of the village. some natives will be engaged in the manufacture of pottery. In this they display a great knowledge of their work, mixing the different clays so as to stand firing. They have no moulds—nothing but the practiced eye and hand to assist them and it is really wonderful to see a lump of clay, in the hands of an African savage, moulded, in the space of a few minutes, into a useful article of pottery, rendered really artistic by its neatness and tasteful design.

A busy nook in a village is always the blacksmith's shop, generally merely a grass roof supported on bare poles. Like the corresponding institution of civilized life, it is the resort of local gossipers.—From "Life Among Congo Savages," by HERBERT WARD, in February *Scribner*.

Mahoning county, Ohio, is about to macadamize, at a cost of $100,000, all its country roads, the farmers contending that they lose money by the delays inseperable from poor roads, and that it is the best of economy to pay taxes and having roads on which they can get to market speedily. These Ohio farmers, says a contemporary, are wiser than their day and generation. Most of the farmers prefer to stick to the old policy of working out their taxes by swapping gossip in fence corners, even if they do lose time in consequence, six months of the year. If all road taxes were paid in money, and supervisors of roads held to a strict accountability for every dollar expended, farmers who use the country roads more than any other class would not be half the night reaching nearby-markets and in a very short time, too, would find the road tax a very trifling thing. We know that many farmers do not believe this but we feel quite confident that they would find it to be the truth if they would only try it. They know that "working out road tax" is very much of a joke among them, and they know, too, that where one man does an honest hard day's work at it there are a dozen who do not. Under the present system goods road have not been and will not be made. If the roads were once made good, very slight attention would keep them good for many years to come. May the example of the Ohio farmers be imitated in Pennsylvania.

The State Road Laws.

The State Board of Agriculture adopted as points for the commission appointed to revise and codify the road laws of the state: First—The repeal of the privilege of working out road taxes. Second—That supervisors employ labor where best values can be obtained, preference being given to home labor. Third—That all commodities of equal value shall be taxed at the same rate as real estate. Fourth—That some efficient head in each county be appointed to prepare plans and supervise the work of road building.

Resolutions were adopted calling upon the people to aid in securing the necessary legislation to assure improved highways.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad. Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

A Story of a Strange Land.

Australia is a country in which nature has established conditions unknown elsewhere, says the Boston *Jovrnal*, and where civilization must adapt itself to surroundings which it finds novel and strange. It is a country full of absurdities in animal, vegetable and human life. Its native race, in point of intelligence and development of resources, is far below even the cave dwellers and the people of the stone age Europe. Its animals per petuate types which disappeared from every other part of the globe some millions of years ago. Its trees and plants are representatives of species found elsewhere only in chalk and coal measures.

Hardly anything here has the character and quality of its relations in other lands. Although the trees and flowers are chiefly those of the temperate zone, the birds are, for the most part, of the tropics, and flash the gorgeous colors of the parrot and the cockatoo through the dull foliage of the sad-toned eucalyptus. The birds have no song, and such notes as they possess seem like weird echoes from a period when reptiles were assuming wings and filling the tree-tops with a strange jargon, before heard only in the swamps and fens. The flowers have no scent, while the leaves of every tree are full of odor. The trees cast no shade, since every leaf is set at edge against the sun, and shed, not their leaves, but their bark, which stripping off in long scales, exposes the naked wood beneath, and adds to the ghostly effect which the forest already holds in the pallid hues of its foliage. The contour of the country is of one that is but newly risen from the waves. Its thousands and thousands of square miles, level as a table and set with no other growth than the gray eucalyptus, looks like the uplifted bed of some great sea, and is as monotonous as the unrelieved expense of coast itself. Here and there are low hills, show in their sides and in the country about them the evidences of ancient lava flows. Elsewhere are piled up masses of bowiders, which show the long-age courses of glaciers over the face of the land. Everything seems prehistoric, hoary with age and forgotten. To the traveler from others lands an impression comes that he is visiting a country which had ceased in its development long oeons ago.

Stole 20 Dollars.

On Tuesday evening a Hungarian and an Italian, laborers, went into Lyons' store. The Hun bought a pair of shoes and gave the Italian a check for some twenty dollars, which Moyer Lyon cashed, giving two ten dollar bills and other bills. The Italian crumbled the small bills in a heap and put them back in the Hun's purse. Soon after the Hun discovered that he was minus $20 and blamed the Italian for taking it. The Italian grew indignant and let them search him. Officer Garis arrived and was in the act of taking him to the lock-up when "Max," the clerk, thought he noticed something in the accused man's mouth. The officer grabbed the man by the throat and told him to spit it out Then a tussle followed and the man was hrown on the floor. He tried to swallow it but the grip on the throat stopped him. After prying in his mouth with a yard stick and a large key he gave up and spit out the two ten dollar notes, of the Hungarian. He was lodged in jail for future hearing.—*Centre Democrat.*

Something About Public Sales.

The more a sale is advertised the greater number of people will know of it and attend, bidding is brisker and prices higher. In addition to having bills printed sales should be advertised in newspapers, which means has frequently attracted buyers from a distance whose desire for the possession of certain artiles has caused the prices to run above what they would otherwise have brought, and the increased receipts more than paying the expenses of the sale. These remarks are copied from the Lewistown *Gazette*, and are correct and just about what we expressed a year ago.

A Slap at Hastings.

Cambria county is where Johnstown is situated. On 27th the Republican County Convention met at Ebensburg. There were 110 delegates present out of 116 in the county, and they elected a Delamater delegation to the State Convention and passed strong Delamater resolutions.

The result of the convention may be a surprise to the friends of General Hastings, who confidently expected that Cambria county would support him, but to everybody else it is just what was expected. The friends of General Hastings there conducted his campaign entirely on sympathy and no practical political work was done in his behalf.

One delegate moved to strike out the name of Delamater and insert that of Hastings. The vote stood 99 for Delamater, 4 for Hastings and 1 Montooth. The original resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

JANUARY COURT.

Commonwealth and Civil Cases

COMMONWEALTH CASES.

Com. vs. Alfred Andrews, charge, murder of Clara Price.

Com. vs. A. L. Woodford; charge, larceny. Prosecutors L. G. Gill and L. G. Confer.

Com. vs. Richard Fink; charge, larceny. Pros. John Orwig.

Com. vs. John Iddings; charge, assault and battery. Pros. J. C. Snyder.

Com. vs. John Orwig; charge, larceny. Pros. Richard Fink.

Com. vs. Harry Blowers, charge, f. and b. Prosecutrix, Annie Frantz.

Com. vs. Henry Gross and Wm. Beck; charge, assault and battery. Pros. G. W. Campbell.

Com. vs. A. C. Hoffman; charge, larceny. Pros. Joshua Foulk.

Com. vs. John L. Croft and John P. Hite, road supervisors of Boggs township; charge, neglect of public road. Pros. Benjamin Walker.

Com. vs. John Burgett, charge, violation of liquor laws. Pros. Wm. Stine.

Com. vs. W. W. Pettingill. Pros. Sadie Sheridan.

Com. vs. Sam Keys, Michael Fennecy, James Convey, John Jamison and Hugh McGrath. Charge, resisting police. Pros. Wm. Garis and Joshua Foulk.

Com. vs. John Thompson. Pros. Joshua Foulk.

Com. vs. John Orwig. Pros. Richard Fink.

CIVIL CASES—2ND WEEK.

I. J. Grenoble vs. P. D. Philips and James Kennelly.

Charles A. Mayer vs. Ed. M. Sturdevant.

J. M. Bunnell and J. A. Aikens vs Ellis L. Orvis.

John L. Kurtz vs. E. R. Chambers.

Edward C. Humes vs. The Nittany Valley Railroad Co.

The Mercantile National Bank, New York, vs. Bernard Lauth.

Frank McLaughlin vs. The Centre Mining Company Limited.

Cecil National Bank of Port Deposit vs. John M. Holt & Co.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co., vs. Geo. W. Hoover, Hughes & Co.

Alice Fetzer vs. Robert Cooke, Jr.

The National Park Bank of New York, vs. Bernard Lauth.

John Moulton vs. Amelia Johnson, et. al.

Ex. of A. Alexander, dec'd., vs. The Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of Centre county.

The Commonwealth of Penn., vs. Geo. M. Swartz and John L. Musser.

The Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad Co., vs. McCoy & Linn.

J. H. Reifsnyder vs. R. H. Duncan.

Samuel Royer vs. Daniel Harter and John Harter.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co., vs. Patrick Ward, Sr.

Centre and Kishacoquillas Turnpike Road Co. vs. Centre county.

M. W. Cowdrick vs. A. G. Morris.

Isaac E. Levy, vs. Robert Cooke, Jr.

Wm. Grauer & Co., vs. Sol. Silknitter.

George Noll and Annie Noll, his wife vs. David Shope.

John C. Bathurst, et. al., vs. Jacob E. Snyder.

Ex. of John A. Linn, dec'd vs. John Kelley.

The Clearfield Bituminous Coal Co., vs. A. T. Lucas, Brady Bechtil and Martin McGowen.

Dr. W. C. Grove vs. Abram Baum.

John Hipple and B. Viedorfer vs. D. M. Stewart.

Sanitary Bureau, New York City.

Dr. Cyrus Edson of the New York Health Department prescribes Speer's Port Grape Wine in his practice as the purest and most reliable wine to be had and his opinion in endorsed by his associates as will be seen from the following letter:

New York December 9, 188 7

The Speer N. J. Wine Co.,

Gentlemen:

Having used your Port Wine to a large extent is my family in case of sickness and found it to be all that was recommended of it by my family physician, I desire to purchase it by the dozen bottles.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES BRYAN,

Sanitary Inspector Health Department, New York city. Druggists keep it.

——There are individuals who can always be depended upon to set false reports in circulation. Falshood is their natural element and they never tell the truth unless by accident. Citizens who to preserve their own fair fame and to refrain from injuring others by assisting to circulate untruths will avoid such persons as much as possible and bury their communications in oblivion. Those who adopt such a wise policy pull the claws of malice.

Madisonburg.

Did you ever get left?

The cold wave that struck us has put a smile on the ice consumers face, only to be disappointed again.

Simon Hazel was again confined to the house by sickness last week, but at this writing is much better.

W. E. Rearick will move to this place, having rented Mrs. Nestlerode's property.

Henry Beck, merchant and postmaster here, will leave this place shortly and go to Sunbury, Pa. This will leave a fine opening for a live business man who wishes to engage in the mercantile line.

There is a rumor afloat announcing a wedding to take place in the near future; both parties being residents of this place.

Wm. Yearick of this place will move to Mill Hall, Pa.

J. Ed. Reber, who had been clerking in a store in Vicksburg, Pa., is home on an unlimited vacation.

The Literary society held their regular meeting on last Friday evening before a crowded house.

The following question was discussed: Resolved that the Americans Indians have been wrongly treated by the white people. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side.

At the executors sale of the Adam Schaffer estate, on Saturday the 25 inst., E. S. Schaffer bought the farm for $4440; J. W. Hazel the three lots situated in Madisonburg; Mr. Markle the timber tract in little Sugar Valley.

Rev. Brown, a student of the Reformed Seminary at Lancaster, Pa, preached a trial sermon in the Reformed church Sunday afternoon.

Sprucetown.

Quite a number about here are still afflicted with the grip.

There is a protracted meeting in progress here held by Rev. Hicks. We hope it may meet with abundant success, that many may be led to embrace this opportunity of doing good.

Jerry Schreffler is again sexton of the M. E. church, filling the vacancy made by Thomas Toot moving to Bellefonte.

W. W. Spangler and D. H. Bartley are attending court this week as jurors.

The mill at Potters Mills operated by Mr. Strong at present bears the sign: "No more custom work done here." This would seem to indicate that the low price of grain means small profits.

Mrs. Mary Miller who had been spending a few weeks at Madisonburg, is home again.

——Ask at your store for Calla Lily flour—it is No. 1.

——Samuel Rowe, the tanner, was seriously ill from the effects of the grip.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——John Weaver and Frank Emerick of Farmers Mills, were callers at this office last week.

—WANTED.—A boy to learn tailoring, 17 or 18 years of age. W. A. SANDOE, Centre Hall.

——Chas. Meyer is acting in the capacity of hotel clerk for the new landlord, Mr. Bartges.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Several new sewing machines Davis and New Home make, will sell at cost to close them out. G. W. BUSHMAN.

——Lewins can sell you a late style suit or take your measure and make it to order on short notice, and at a saving to you of from $3 to $8. Try him on this.

——Send your name in for the REPORTERat campagn rates on trial. Or send, us two new names and the cash for a year and we give you a copy one year free, thus enabling any one, by very little effort to get a paper one year free.

——The elegant new shoe store, of Mr, Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte. should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all ages and sexes.

——Whatt be Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing is not worthhaving. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw Lewins is King for low prices.

——Now is your time to get a cheap overcoat, and Lewins has 'em cheap good, warm, lasting goods. Give the Philad. Branch a call and see for yourself and save $5 to boot.

——The dates named below have been decided on for public sales: Cyrus Luse, March 8; George Emerick, March 13; Jas Stahl, March 14; A. P. Luse, March 18; John H. Lee, March 19.

——If you wish to have a good over coat, $4 to $8 less than can be bought elsewhere, then go to Samuel Lewins he has them and warrants them. He sell nothing that has cheat about it.

——Now is the time to leave your order for a suit and overcoat, Prices to suit the times. Perfect satisfaction in everything fully guaranteed.

MONTGOMERY & Co.,

Tailors, Bellefonte.

——Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block has every idea in the line of boots and shoes, whether of rubber, leather or cloth, and he sells at bottom prices, so that none pay more than the goods are worth. He warrants all he sells.

To Dan Hastings—Can you spell "retamaled" backwards with your eyes shut and your hands in your pockets? Try it.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Philippian Earthquake." (Preached in London, England.

TEXT: *"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."*—Acts xvi., 31.

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that! What's that!" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden stocks, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? O, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blasphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquakes in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come in together—"the Lord Jesus Christ." Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character; but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable this morning, when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." That was addressed to the Pharisees; not to the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair, such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivating and winsome. I suppose a look at Him was just to love Him. O, how attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. O! there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out did He say: "Take away these sores, do not trouble Me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before Him. How the Kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at His back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all the ages. Oh! He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross. "You say: 'If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly attentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they shake His left foot to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. O, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no, He was to die. He must die. His life for my life. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son, in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, not for His father, but for His sworn enemies. O, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self sacrificing—can you not trust Him?

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands in this assemblage is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house give you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go home to-day. You expect there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference, but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with Him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the Captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the Captain. Who shall it be? You or the Captain? The Captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. He has sworn He will see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, farther than that—it means a peaceful death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home, and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from hemlet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens; "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ! You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to His house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratories of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardships, and bereavements, and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven."

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "O, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for three-score-years-and-ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid His disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm while He looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair."

Proper Care of Carriages.

There is no varnish made that will hold its brilliancy more than six months. A carriage should be revarnished every six months to keep it exactly in fine order. If revarnished once a year, it will preserve the undercoats from damage. But there are circumstances that render revarnishing necessary at more frequent intervals. If one has not a suitable carriage house separate from the stable, the ammonia from the stalls or the manure pile, or perhaps from decaying vegetables, has united with the oil in the varnish and gradually dissolved it or burnt it. We have known it done in one night, so that the whole surface exposed to the ammonia was shriveled up in small brown, crisp rolls. We knew a case where a gentleman left his horse and buggy standing in front of a distillery for half an hour, and when he returned one side of his buggy was completely covered with what looked like rust, but which was simply the remains of the decayed varnish. The oil had been consumed, leaving only the gum crumbled up in burnt crisp flakes. Some people do not take the pains to wash the mud from a carriage soon enough after using, but permit it to dry, when the mud acts like a sponge and absorbs the oil from the varnish. Some people wash the carriage with soap, and we have even known hot water used. For such acts of stupidity there are no words to express disgust. Some people seem to regard varnish as a kind of high polish, put on by hard rubbing, and the more rubbing it gets the brighter it ought to look. The number of people who are absolutely ignorant about varnish is something astonishing.—*The Stable.*

Effect of the Wind on River Banks.

It has been observed that many of the rivers of Saxony, which flow through loose or soft materials, have a steep bank on the east, northeast or southeast, while the opposite shore is flat. Herr Ruckstaschel, who has been studying the subject, attributes this one-sidedness to the action of the prevailing southwest, west or northwest winds, which drive the rains almost at right angles against the bank sloping from the east, and wash away the soil in much greater quantity than from the western bank. Some of the river valleys of Prussia and Bavaria exhibit similiar phenomena.

Why We Sink in Quicksand.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are ragged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when mixed with sufficient water, seems incapable of such consolidation.

Historical Anecdotes of the Table.

Certain Greeks, adopting an Egyptian custom, caused death's heads or skeletons to be placed in their dining rooms. The object of this was, according to Scaliger, to incline the guests to taste the sweetness of life, while they rejoiced in good health, and to abandon themselves to pleasure which death would soon deprive them of. When the guests arrived, each followed by one of their domestics, they took care not to present themselves at the banquet till after they had been sprinkled with perfume, and annointed with oil. After their arrival, the host caused incense to be burned. Each one bathed his hands before sitting down to the table, and then crowned himself with flowers. The crowns were said to protect one from fever or illness caused by the wine.

The Ionians pretended to have obtained this custom from Prometheus, as well as that of perfumes; but they were mistaken, for the custom came from the Assyrians and the Babylonians. The Athenians crowned themselves with roses and especially violets, the violet being their national flower. Athens was called "the crowd of violets;" the citizens wore crowns of violets with golden grasshoppers in their hair. The Archons mixed violets with their crown of myrtle. After the preliminary abolutions, and after they had been crowned with flowers, they chose a sort of king of the festival, whose attributes were defined by Plutarch, and put into verse by Berchoux, the poet of gastronomy. The guests, lead by the king of the festival, entered the dining-room and stretched themselves upon the couches. The women were seated on chairs with backs. The most distinguished guest reclined at the head of the table, which was the place of honor. The table was ornamented, in winter as well as in summer, with most delicate flowers. The dishes were square in form, and a cup was placed before each guest. These cups were often of precious metal, and were sometimes of the same shape as the cup that the beautiful Helen moulded over one of her breasts, and consecrated to Minerva, in the temple of Lindos.

The Greeks had plates, but they did not use forks. Was the table linen like that of the present day? Strabon, the geographer, spoke with admiration of a stone of the territory of Caryetos, in Eubac, which was able to be carded and woven, and from which napkins were made. To clean them, they were thrown into the fire. This stone is *amianthus*, or mountain flax. It is still found, today, in the same island under the form of an efflarescence, on the surface of the ground, on a little hill near Melissona, and especially in the environs of Stoura.

But these napkins were not used at the table. The guests washed their hands, after each course, by means of sponges, and at Sparta each one had, at his plate, a morsel of soft bread on which to wipe his fingers.

The servants came and went behind the guests, and distributed the bread which they carried in baskets. The cup bearers also had their places, these were young people, well-born, who followed the examples of Euripides, who served, in his infancy, wine to the Ochestes in the temple of Apollon. Delien, and of Larique, brother of the illustrious Sopho, who served wine to Mitylenians, in Prytanas.

The master of the house caused a supper card to be carried around, and the guests, knowing the menu, chose in advance the food which suited them, just as we do to-day at a restaurant. The repast consisted of the repast proper, and the desert. The repast included eggs, oysters, shell fish, bitter and sweet herbs. The eggs were symbolical in character. The Greeks saw in the shell an image of the earth, in the white, the water; in the yelk, fire—as for the fourth element, air, they found that under the shell. Orphae, Pythagoras and their disciples, abstained from eggs in order that they might not destroy a germ that nature destined for reproduction, but the other Greeks were not so scrupulous; they loved eggs and did not deprive themselves of this luxury.

They said pleasantly of a thing impossible to perform: "It is as easy as to mend an egg-shell."

Peacock eggs were held in the highest esteem. Oysters were also prized, especially the "glaucus," which was a species found at Megare. Those most sought for were those of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos; they had no rivals, although those of Rhodes were greatly appreciated by amateurs.

With the oysters, were served lobsters, mussels and crawfish. The sea urchins were prepared with parsley, mint, and oxymel. They were delicious, taken in the full of the moon, and merited at no time the reproach of a Lacedemonian, who, having never seen this crustacean, took a portion and endeavored to eat the spine. The shellfish were served sometimes, just as they were taken from the sea, sometimes cooked in the ashes or fried in a pan, seasoned with pepper and cumin.

They also ate snails, of which the most famous were taken from the island of Astypalu, which Etienne, of Constantinople, called "the table of the gods," because it was covered with flowers. The repast proper consisted of solid food. First they served beef, mutton, fricasee of veal, chitterlings, pigs feet, liver, tripe, blood pudding, pigs heads, lambs head, etc.

Besides the blood, the Greeks ate game with the hair; the roebuck, the best of which came from Melos, the hedge hog which they considered the most delicious of their meats, the rabbit to which they set up altars at Delos, and the hare of which the best species, in the archipelago, are still those of Carpathos.

After the meats came the poultry, game and fish. For poultry the Greeks possessed chickens, geese, ducks, pigeons and capons. The inhabitants of Cos understood the art of stuffing these, but it seems that it was the Deliens who first stuffed chickens, and it was from them that came the mania for devouring poultry, charged with fatness and basted with its own fat.

There has been a dispute concerning the turkey. Some believed that the ancients knew it, and that it was carried into Greece by Meleagre, king of Macedonia, from whence the name of Meleagride which has been given to this bird; but other historians think that it was not a question of the turkey, but of the Guinea fowl. Moreover the descriptions which have been given by Aristotle, Cletin of Melet and Callixene of Rhodes, seem to apply to the turkey. On this point we shall speak further.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1890.

Jesus Brought Into the Temple.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 2 : 25-35. Memory verses, 29, 32.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*—Luke 2 : 14.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Saviour's Mission Recognized.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Devout Waiting, vs, 25-27.
2. Praiseful Song, vs. 28-32.
3. Marvelous Revelations, vs. 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT: *A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.*—Luke 2 : 32.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 2 : 25-35. Jesus brought into the temple.
T.—Matt. 14 : 22-33. Recognized by the deciples.
W.—Matt. 16 : 13-28. Confessed by Peter.
T.—John 11 : 14-27. Confessed by Martha.
F.—John 20 : 19-31. Confessed by Thomas.
S.—1 John 4 : 1-15. Confessed by believers.
S.—Isa. 53 : 1-12. Foreseen by Isaiah.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. DEVOUT WAITING.

I. A Holy Character:
This man was righteous and devout (25).
Thee have I seen righteous before me (Gen. 7 : 1).
That man was perfect and upright (Job 1 : 1).
They were both righteous before God (Luke 1 : 6).
A devout man, and one that feared God (Acts 10 : 2).

II. A Great Expectation:
Looking for the consolation of Israel (25).
I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord (Gen. 49 : 18).
They that wait for me shall not be ashamed (Isa. 49 : 23).
Himself was looking for the kingdom of God (Mark 15 : 43).
Looking for the redemption of Jerusalem (Luke 2 : 38).

III. A Competent Guide:
He came in the Spirit into the temple (27).
The spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not (1 Kings 18: 12).
So the spirit lifted me up, and took me away (Ezek. 3: 14).
Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness (Matt. 4: 1).
The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip (Acts 8: 39).
1. "Simeon . . . . was righteous and devout." (1) Upright in character; (2) Correct in conduct; (3) Devout in spirit.
2. "Looking for the consolation of Israel." (1) Israel's sorrows realized; (2) Israel's consolation anticipated.
3. "It had been revealed unto him by the Holy Spirit." (1) The Author of revelation; (2) The recipients of revelation; (3) The subject-matter of revelation; (4) The purposes of revelation.

II. PRAISEFUL SONG.

I. For Salvation:
Mine eyes have seen thy salvation (30).
My soul shall . . . . rejoice in his salvation (Psa. 35: 9).
With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation (Isa. 12: 3).
There is born to you this day . . . . a Saviour (Luke 2: 11).
All flesh shall see the salvation of God (Luke 3: 6).

II. For Light:
A light for revelation to the Gentiles (32).
Upon them hath the light shined (Isa. 9: 2).
I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles (Isa. 49: 6).
Arise, shine; for thy light is come (Isa. 60: e).
I have set thee for a light to the Gentiles (Acts 13: 47).

III. For Glory:
The glory of thy people Israel (32).
The King of glory shall come in (Psa. 24: 7).
Thou art the glory of their strength (Psa. 89: 17).
The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee (Isa. 60: 1).
The glory of the Lord shone round about them (Luke 2: 9).
1. "He received him into his arms and blessed God." (1) Simeon; (2) Jesus; (3) Jehovah.—(1) The Saviour received; (2) The recipient comforted; (3) The Father praised.
2. "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Salvation (1) Foreshadowed in prophecy; (2) Embodied in Jesus; (3) Experienced in the soul.
3. "The glory of thy people Israel." (1) Israel, the people of God; (2) Jesus, the glory of Israel.

III. MARVELOUS REVELATIONS.

I. Perplexed Observers.
His father and his mother were marveling (33).
There was a great calm. And the men marvelled)Matt. 8: 26, 27).
The multitudes marvelled, saying, It was never so seen (Matt. 9; 33).
All the men did marvel (Mark 5: 20)
And they marvelled all (Luke 1: 63).

II. Diverging Results:
For the falling and rising up of many in Israel (34).
For a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offense (Isa. 8: 14).
The stone . . . . set at nought . . . . was made the head of the corner (Acts 4: 11).
Unto Jews a stumblingblock, and unto Gentiles foolishness (1 Cor. 1: 23).
Unto them that are called, ... Christ the power of God (1 Cor. 1: 24).

III. Adverse Words:
A sign which is spoken against (34).
Men shall . . . . say all manner of evil against you falsely (Matt. 5: 11).
He hath Beelzebub (Mark 3: 22)
Now we know that thou hast a devil (John 8: 52).
We have found this man a pestilent fellow (Acts 24: 5).
1. "Marvelling at the things which were spoken concerning him," (1) A marvelous child; (2) Marvelous disclosures; (3) Marveling people.
2. "This child is set for the falling and rising up of many." (1) Christ rejected, the run of many; (2) Christ received, the salvation of many.
3. "That thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed." (1) Heart thoughts concealed; (2) Heart thoughts tested; (3) Heart thoughts revealed.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

JESUS AMONG MEN.

A touchstone of character (Luke 2 : 34, 35).
A decider of destiny (Matt. 7 : 21, 23).
Exalted, yet rejected (Acts 4 : 11).
Wisdom, yet foolishness (1 Cor. 1 : 23, 24).
Saving, yet a stumbling-block (Rom. 9 : 32, 33).
Precious, yet offensive (1 Pet. 2 : 7, 8).
Blessing, yet condemning (John 14 : 21, 23; 1 Cor. 16 : 22).
Life giving, yet death dealing (2 Cor. 2 : 15, 16).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The infant Jesus, born a Jew, was circumcised on the eighth day, answering, in the Christian Year, to our New Year's Day. On the fortieth day, the little family went up from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, to perform the ceremonies required by the Jewish law (Lev. 12). The first of these ceremonies was the purification of Mary. The second was the ceremonial redemption of the first-born. In the case of Jesus, this was performed in the temple, and is therefore commonly called the Presentation in the Temple. The first-born male child in Israel was consecrated to God in commemoration of the fact that the first-born of the children of Israel had been preserved when the first-born of all the Egyptians were slain (Exod. 13 : 2, 13-15). Instead of these oldest sons becoming the priests and religious teachers of the people, however, God chose the whole tribe of Levi for these services, and permitted the first-born to be redeemed. As the parents of Jesus offered the sacrifice permitted to the poor (v. 24; comp. Lev. 12 : 8), it is very unlikely that the Magi had already come with their rich gifts (Matt. 2 : 11). Nor is it likely that the public presentation would occur after the warning to go into Egypt. Hence the traditional date of the visit of the Magi (Epiphany, January 6) would seem to be incorrect.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the temple; the precise place of the interviews being in the court of the women, as appears from the presence of Mary and Anna. The purification took place near the gate Nicanor, the inner gate on the middle of the eastern side of the enclosure.

TIME.—On the fortieth day after the Nativity,—according to the dates already suggested, on February 2 (the date for the study of this lesson), year of Rome 750,—B. C. 4.

PERSONS.—Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus; Simeon; and probably a number of worshipers in the temple.

INCIDENTS.—Simeon, to whom had been promised that he should live to see the Messiah, enters the temple court. When the child Jesus is brought in, Simeon receives him in his arms, and blesses God, praising him that he is now permitted to depart in peace. The wondering parents are also blessed and a special prediction is made to Mary respecting the child and herself.

A Profitable Business.

A young woman is building up a business of a somewhat novel character in New York and Brooklyn. Travelling agents have long made a good thing out of antique furniture picked up in the wilds of rural Hampshire and Connecticut, inducing farmers' wives to ransack their attics and bring out mirrors that only wanted regilding, or brass-handled chests of drawers in want of nothing but polish and varnish to fetch round sums from modern worshipers of bric-a-brac gone by. The best hunting ground for such things, curiously enough, has been overlooked almost entirely. New York and Brooklyn, as things go in this country, are ancient cities. There are low-browed Dutch homesteads within the limits of the former city, and old houses on Second avenue, in the Washington square region, and on Fifth avenue itself, in New York, which only need to yield up their treasures to delight all the lovers of last century carved oak, mirror-front wardrobes, rare spindle-legged monstrosities and choice bits of buhl. This young woman has begun a series of tours among the stately old mansions sunk to second-class boarding houses, or gone yet further on the road of neglect and decay, and when she finds a relic of past grandeur, she rehabilitates it and introduces it to an art lover, or a curio lover, or a person ambitious of the repute of an art or curio lover—with money. An old ebony cabinet, inlaid with mother of pearl, an old dressing-table, with a tray of Sevres let into the top, an old chair, covered with French flowered satins of the early years of the century, these are grand dukes in banishment to be restored to their lost estate. It is a pleasant business for a young woman with some knowledge, a good eye and better judgment, and she makes it profitable.

Coroner—When did you see Editor Hull last?

Witness—Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

"Did he have any great amount of money with him that you know about?"

"Yes, sir." (Sensation.)

"Then you think that his death may have been caused by foul play?"

"Yes, it might have been."

"Now, will you please tell the jury what amount of money Editor Hull had when you saw him?"

"Three dollars."

FARM NOTES.

A MAN who has no creamery, and who loves his wife as a man should, ought to carry his milk to a factory in his vicinity, if for no other reason than to save his wife.

CORN that is fresh and dry is excellent food for growing poultry. Better give them a good feed of it alone at night; it heats and keeps them warm these cool nights.

GUINEAS are good burglar or chicken thief alarmers. A pair if kept in the poultry house will never allow danger to lurk about; their voice can be heard for considerable distance.

WHEN the frost has killed the tomato and bean vines, pull up the stakes and poles and lay away till wanted in the spring. In this way they may be made to last for years. Throw the vines upon the compost heap.

THE skin of animals is an excretory organ. Now, if the pores are filled with dirt the organ cannot perform its office efficiently. Keep the skin as clean as possible. This may be done partially by keeping bedding clean, keeping dirt from sifting down from above, currying, etc.

RECENTLY the Department of Agriculture, through the division of entomology, has been engaged in the collection and importation of parasites and predacious insects from Australia. The object is to introduce into this country for the benefit of fruit-growers, the natural enemies of injurious insects.

THE richest land on the farm may be that which is not cultivated, simply because of lack of drainge. The swamp land is full of alluvial soil, and can be made to grow all kinds of crops if drained and cleared.

IF the ground becomes frozen the manure will be washed away by rain or melting snow unless the ground is level. It is best to spread manure on freshly plowed ground during a warm spell and harrow in.

FLOWER-POTS should have good drainage. Many winter plants die from the soil underneath being too wet. When watering the roots of potted plants add a teaspoonful of ammonia to each quart of water.

ABOVE all fertilizers potash stands first for fruits. Mixed fertilizers should be used, but potash is more essential than anything else. For that reason the wood ashes should be carefully saved and applied in the orchard or on the soil occupied by the small fruits. Its effect will be noticeable for several successive seasons.

BY managing the manure so that every portion is well rotted the seeds of weeds will be destroyed during the process of decomposition. All heaps should be allowed to heat, but care must be exercised to prevent overheating by frequently turning the heap, placing the coarse portions in the centre.

IF farmers who have large weeds growing in front of their farms would take a ride along those where the weeds are kept mowed down it seems to us they would surely mow their own weeds. The trouble is light and the improved appearance worth a great deal to the farm and the farming reputation.

A POULTRY yard can properly be the dumping ground for a great deal of vegetable rubbish, to give the occupants exercise in scratching and to convert the rubbish into manure or mulch. A ton of weeds, straw, leaves, salt or bog hay, seaweed or cornstalks will soon be scratched fine in a populous poultry-yard. The weather assists, of course.

ABANDONED lands are given over to sheep, but it is doubtful if it is profitable to keep sheep in that manner, owing to the loss from dogs and exposure. If the land is cut up into small fields, the sheep frequently changed and the fields plowed, the land will be improved and some kind of crop, such as rye, may be grown for the sheep.

THE cattle and other farm stock in Florida are worth about $10,000,000, and it is estimated that it cost $2,000,000 annually to protect the orange groves, cotton fields, gardens, etc., against them. A movement is on foot to compel the cattle owners to do the fencing, in order to keep their animals from roaming destructively over other people's property.

THE *American Cultivator* says that some farmers argue that it is best to set posts early in the fall, when the ground is solid. Of course, a post carefully set at any time will remain in its place; but fall is really a much worse time than in the spring. Digging the hole makes the soil loose, and if done in the fall it has not time to become compact again. Water filters down through the loose soil, which will raise the post a little every year until it throws it out altogether. If the soil has time to settle, it absorbs less moisture, and after the first year, if the heaving out has not already begun it will rarely begin.

AN instantaneous method of dehorning calves about a week old is to apply for an instant to the little cone or embryo horn a common three-fourths inch nut, riveted to the end of an iron rod and heated red-hot. A little grease should be rubbed on afterwards. For calves from one to four month old a pair of blacksmith's pincers were filed quite sharpe, and with one snip the little button was cut clear from the surface. An application of tar and grease was applied to keep off the flies, and the operation was over. This is the experience of J. Burrus McGehee, of Louisiana, who has practiced it on a large scale. He, with many others, is convinced that the horns must go, and that calf head is the best time for them to "went."

"THAT MAN' A GENIUS. He started a pistol factory and invented a new cannon."

"That's nothing. I know a man who started a bucket shop and made a barrel."

MILKMAN—"I want some cream paper."

Stationer—"Here, sir, is what you want, I think. It looks very much like the cream you've been furnishing me—very thin and very white."

A.—Did you ever read the story of Prometheus, who was chained to a rock and whose liver was eaten by the vultures?

B.—Certainly, I have read it several times.

Are your sympathies with Prometheus?

Of course.

Well, you get your meals at my boarding-house and you will get liver so regularly that your sympathies will be entirely with the vultures.

WIFE—Will you see that my grave is kept green, my darling?

Husband—No, my dear, but I will plant violets upon it.

For what reason?

Because I do not wish any grave-robber to dig up your body.

How will the planting of violets upon my grave prevent them from digging me up?

Why, your grave will be kept inviolate, of course.

When the summer's rose has faded
What shall make it fair again?
When the face with pain is shaded
What shall drive away the pain?
Never shall a blossom brighten
After blighted by the frost,
But the load of pain may lighten,
And we need not count as lost
all the pleasure of life when the wife and mother, upon whom the happiness of home so largely depends, is afflicted with the delicate diseases peculiar to women. It is terrible to contemplate the misery existing in our midst because of the prevalence of these diseases. It is high time that all women should know that there is one *sure* remedy for all female complaints, and that is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Do not allow ill-health to fasten itself upon you. Ward it off by the use of this standard remedy. But if it has already crept in, put it to rout. You can do it, by the use of the "Favorite Prescription." It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Small diamonds encircling a star sapphire make a rich appearing and costly scarf pin.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

A unique glove buttoner is formed by a coil of gold cable, with a loop protruding from one side.

Rheumatism originates in lactic acid in the blood, which settling in the joints causes the pains and aches of the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing the acidity of the blood, and giving it richness and vitality. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Make pie crust in layers, spread between with a well sweetened apple sauce, serve hot with cream beaten to a stiff froth.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

There is nothing quite so sure as consequences.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

Chance without a mind to back it, is a word of no meaning, and fate is meaningless unless it presupposes will.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

The highest points to which things can bring one is contentment of the mind, with which no estate is miserable.

Do your clothes last as they used to? If not, you *must* be using a *soap* or *washing powder* that *rots* them. Try the good *old-fashioned* Dobbins' Electric Soap, *perfectly pure* to-day as in 1865.

To-day's blessings are seldom appreciated unless they exceed those of yesterday.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

The younger an animal the greater its proportionate growth and gain in weight.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The hog cannot thrive on an exclusive grain diet. It requires bulky food also.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One trial will convince you that it is the best. Ask your dealer for the Frazer Axle Grease, and take no other. Every box has our trade mark on.

The food value of butter is about one half that of its market value.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Quick fattening is the secret of making good and tender and profitable beef.

Oldest and best—"Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Acid in the Blood

Accumulating in the joints, is believed to be the cause of rheumatism, from which so many suffer at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had wonderful success in curing this complaint. It neutralizes the acidity of the blood and restores the vital fluid to healthy condition. If you suffer from rheumatism, try Hood's Sarsaparilla?

"I have been suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism induced by a severe sprain of a dislocated ankle joint. But one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla restored circulation, cleansed the blood and relieved the pain so that I am nearly well again." L. T. HUNT, Springfield, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

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Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE **CHILDREN** OF CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren st., N. Y.

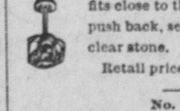


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A new six point setting **Earing,** fits close to the ear and has a patent push back, set with a very brilliant clear stone.

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Gold Front Lace Pin, with Rhinestone centre. Has a patent safety pin attached. Is well made and entirely new. Retail price, $4; our price, $2.

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A Solid Gold Ring can be had in either Cameo, Intaglio, or Tiger Cameo. Stone is finely cut, with a full figure on it; sides are nicely engraved. The general construction of this ring is very fine. Jewelers retail it for $2.50; our price, $1.25.

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A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.—A.—(to his friend B. at the ball)—Isn't it time we went home?

B.—Just let me have one more dance.

A.—You had better come on right now. Your wife will see that you have another dance after you get home.

C.—How is your brother Tom coming on?

D.—His affairs do not improve. He seems to be under a cloud.

Where is he now?

In Boston.

Well, no wonder he is under a cloud. I never visited that town but it was raining pitchforks.

G.—The papers are full of social scandals, murders, suicides and the like.

H.—Yes; when we read about the misery there is in the world we must admit it is much better never to have been born.

G.—No doubt, but you must recollect that such good luck does not fall to the lot of one man in a million.

SMALL SON—"Ma, what's Mormon's?"

Mother—"Um—men who have a good many wives."

"A good many?"

"Yes; thirty or forty sometimes."

"Ooo! That's awful."

"Yes, my son."

"Just awful. I wouldn't like to have thirty or forty mammas to spank me."

STRANGER—"I notice your name is De Million. Are you related to the wealthy De Millions, of New York?"

Poor but respectable De Million—"I am a—a distant relation, sir."

"Indeed! How distant?"

"Well, sir as distant as they can keep me, sir."

JUDGE—"You are a freeholder?"

Prospective Juryman—"Yes, sir."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years ago last month."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for three years past."

AFTER the Festival.—"Well, I declare," said Johnny, in a disgusted tone, "here I've been goin' to Sunday school all the fall an' keepin' as clean as a girl, an' ail for what? A cornycoyy full of caraway candy an' a norange. Bah!"

HIRAM—I thought that if I lay down in the grass you couldn't find me.

City Cousin who had been hunting for him)—I did find it hard to distinguish you. The grass is so green.

Augustus (who has just proposed and has been accepted)—"And will you always trust me, dearest?"

Angelina—"I am opposed to the baleful influence of trusts. Suppose you put your proposal in writing and avoid possible misunderstandings.

PRUDENT.—Mrs. Slimdiet the landlady)—"Mr. Dashaway, let me help you to a little more chicken."

Dashaway—"Thank you, madam, but my doctor has ordered me not to overwork myself."

Would You Believe

The Proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives Thousands of Bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for Coughs and all Throat and Lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Don't hesitate! Procure a bottle to-day to keep in your home or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottle Free at all druggists'. Large Size 50c and $1.

Keep the pigs growing, fat them early. Small pork brings higher prices than large pork.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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CATCH THE FOXES.

If any person will send me 10 cents (silver at my risk) I will send him by mail the old Indian receipt for making **Fox Bait,** the smell of which will call a fox a long distance. Also full directions for setting the trap. Address CHAS. FOWLER, Orange, Conn.

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WANTED—COUNTY AGENTS—Commission 50 per cent. S. F. SMITH, Frankfort, Ky.

WANTED A CANVASSER for this town and vicinity. Something sure to take. Write for full particulars to MRS. S. D. ARMBRUSTER, Philadelphia, Woman's Exchange, 19 S. 13th Street.



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"THE KING'S TOUCH" SUPERSTITION.

In England, two centuries ago, popular superstition credited the "Royal Touch" with curing scrofula; and although for scoffing at the idea in 1691 the King was declared to be an "infidel," even his "faithless" touch was credited with a cure. These superstitious practices have now become obsolete, and in their place we have a scientific remedy in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which eliminates the impurities from the blood by the natural channels, thereby cleansing the system of all taints and impurities from whatever cause arising. It is truly a royal remedy, world-famed and *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. The only blood-purifier ever so *guaranteed* and sold by druggists. As a regulator of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all bilious attacks, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhea and kindred ailments. For all derangements caused by malaria, as Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, and Bilious Fever, it is specific. As an alterative or blood-purifier, it manifests its marvelous properties in the cure of the worst Skin and Scalp Diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, as well as Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption, if taken in time and given a fair trial. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY,** for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, **Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing.** 50c., by druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

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Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JAN. 30.

DITMAN'S BODY FOUND.

The Missing Bank President's Remains Found Floating in the Schuylkill at Philadelphia—Evidence of Suicide

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—The partly decomposed body of Banker Joseph G. Ditman, who has been missing since Dec. 11, was found floating in the Schuylkill under the Pennsylvania railroad bridge, which crosses the river at Filbert street. When the news spread over the city an enormous crowd of people gathered on the banks of the stream watching the body as it floated in the water moored to a wharf.

The body was taken on board a police tug and search of the clothing settled the question of identity. The gold watch and diamond ring worn by Mr. Ditman when last seen alive were found, a small amount of money, some paper and a card which requested in the event of an accident that the finder of his body notify James Pitcher, secretary of the Mutual Accident association, 302 Broadway, New York. The card indicated that deceased was insured for $5,000. The body was taken to an undertaker's by direction of the family.

Death from a Monstrous Hard Heart.

HAZLETON, Pa., Jan. 27.—Jacob Horn, aged 67 years, a farmer of Lowrytown, left his home in the morning to cut bark for his distillery. He failed to return at night, and a searching party found his body two miles away in the woods. He had often told his friends that in the event of his death an autopsy should be made. This was done by a Weatherly physician and the examination developed the astonishing fact that the heart had been abnormally developed, having become four times its normal size and that it had become a hard, cartilagenous like body, which attached itself to the surrounding walls.

Railroad Shops Burned.

HUNTINGTON, Pa., Jan 25.—The erecting and repairing shops of the Huntington and Broad Top railroad, located at Saxton, Bedford county, were totally destroyed by fire, together with a new engine and three coal cars. The building destroyed comprised the paint shops, storage building for supplies and machine shops and contents. The fire is believed to have originated through spontaneous combustion in the paint department. The total loss will reach $50,000. The shops will be rebuilt at once.

Schuylkill Colleries Resuming.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 28.—The outlook for mining operations in the anthracite region is more hopeful. Four of the Lehigh colleries at Girardville and vicinity, which has been idle for several weeks have resumed operations. The Philadelphia and Reading company have been sinking a new slope at Potts colliery at Locust Dale, and will sink another shaft at Buck Ridge colliery 110 yards deep. There are prospects of more collieries starting up before the end of the week.

Fatally Gored by a Bull.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Jan. 27.—Jennie, a bright 5-year-old daughter of Samuel T. McCrakin, a prominent farmer of Walker township, in this county, was attacked on the public road in front of her house by a vicious bull and sustained fatal injuries. The animal's horns pierced the little girl in the back, and while thus impaled she was carried nearly sixty yards by the infuriated animal. The bull was at once killed by the child's father.

Pure Food Exposition.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—Horticultural hall presented a busy scene this morning, the workingmen being busily engaged in placing and setting the various exhibits for the coming Grocers, Manufacturers and Pure Food exposition, which is to open on Monday evening next. The exhibits this year will be decidedly novel, every exhibitor trying to get ahead of the other. Every inch of space has been taken, both down stairs and up stairs.

A Small Boy Leaves a Big Void.

NORWOOD, Pa., Jan. 27.—A sad accident at this place deprived a worthy poor family of its chief sources of support. Howard Hebrew, a 15-year-old boy, while crossing the tracks of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, was knocked down by a train and had both his legs crushed. His father has been confined to the house by illness for a long time and the boy had kept the family from need of assistance.

An Explosion at Johnstown.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 28.—A load of cinders was thrown into the Conemaugh river at a point where the Cambria Iron company is building a dump and an explosion followed that startled the whole town. Hot cinders were thrown a great distance and several small fires resulted. Buildings were shaken, windows broken and several narrow escapes from death are reported, but no one was killed or injured.

Prohibition and Weak Kneed Christians.

BRADDOCK, Pa., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Ann Smith, wife of "Broadax" Smith, the colored philosopher, addressed a temperance meeting in Lytle opera house. She censured the church for not doing its duty in the late prohibition campaign and said that had it not been for the week kneed Christians the temperance people would have been victorious.

His Wife Gave Him Laudanum.

CENTRALIA, Pa., Jan. 28.—John Hoffey, aged 40, residing at this place, died from an overdose of laudanum administered by his wife. He came home intoxicated and in a quarrelsome mood. His sister advised Mrs. Hoffey to give him some laudanum to make him sleep, and shortly after he was given the dose he was seized with convulsions and died in a few hours.

For a Public Library.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 28.—The heirs of J. J. Albright presented to the city of Scranton for public library purposes with a lot 110 by 167 feet, upon which a suitable building will be erected by the grantees. The structure will be known as the Albright Memorial building and together with the value of the land will be worth $100,000.

A DOUBLE EXPLOSION

Deals Out Death and Destruction with Dual Force.

AN APPALLING LIST OF VICTIMS.

A Building Shattered and the Occupants Blown Across the Street—A Crowd of Spectators Engulfed in a Quickly Succeeding Explosion—A Runaway Team Dashing Through the Throng Adds Terror to the Scene—Rescuing the Victims—Pathetic Scenes—List of Those Killed and Wounded.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 25.—There is a scene of death and destruction in this city, whose horrible features and sickening details are surpassed only by the Johnstown flood. Never in the history of Ohio has such a dreadful disaster occurred as that which sent thrills of horror through the thousands who witnessed it last night. A double explosion occurred, and it dealt out death with dual force.

A few moments after 5 o'clock an alarm of fire sounded, calling out the entire department. The streets were thronged with the thousands of toilers who were returning to their homes from workshops and factories, and quickly spread the news that a frightful calamity had happened in the southern part of the city. The streets leading to the section were soon crowded with people going to the scene. Their presence there heaped horror upon horror as will be seen later on.

A Natural Gas Main Explodes.

An explosion had occurred at the double residence of Michael Bowers and John Marriott, at the corner of Wall and Noble alleys. The cause of the calamity was an accumulation of natural gas in the cellar of the house referred to.

The city has recently been supplied with natural gas, and leading past the house occupied by Marriott and Bowers is one of the mains through which the commodity is furnished to the public. The pipes had leaked and the explosive fuel had found its way through fissures in the ground to the cellar, which was the seat of the horror.

It became ignited in some unknown manner and exploded with terrific force, wrecking the building and filling the air with debris.

Blown Across the Street.

Mrs. Marriott was blown out of the house and a man named Goulding, who was near the structure, was blown across the street. Mrs. Marriott was carried across the street and into the residence of William James, a bookkeeper for the firm of Glock & Beck. Dr. Wissinger, a prominent physician, was called to attend her injuries. The house where the injured lady lay was soon crowded with people attracted by the accident and it was soon necessary to close the doors that no more might enter.

Little knew those scores of spectators huddled around the sufferer that they were standing in a death trap which was then on the verge of carrying them into eternity.

A Second Explosion.

Suddenly the air was rent by a thunderous explosion which made the earth quake and filled the air with flying timbers, bricks and debris of all kinds. Darkness ensued and then deathlike stillness reigned for a moment. It was broken by shrieks and death groans. The house in which lay the powerless form of Mrs. Marriot had been blown to atoms and its occupants buried beneath the wreck. Hundreds of spectators who lined the sidewalks were knocked violently down by the shock and laid powerless.

Then to cap the climax a team of spirited horses attached to one of the fire department ladder trucks became frenzied by the explosion and dashed away into the crowd carrying death in their way. They ran over and injured scores of people. A beautiful little babe was knocked from its mother's arms and falling beneath the merciless wheels of the vehicle, was crushed to death.

At Work in the Ruins.

As soon as the maddened steeds had disappeared in the darkness many of the spectators and firemen, who had been uninjured by either of the horrors, turned their attention to digging out the persons buried beneath the ruins of the house. Guided by the cries and moans of the mangled and dying, men groped in the darkness, pulling out a dead body here, a mangled yet living form there, and conveying them to resting places.

Groups of men, women and children gathered around the prostrate forms and blood curdling shrieks made the awful scene more revolting as friends recognized friends injured or dead, parents found their mutilated children and vice versa.

It required several hours to remove all the dead and injured from the ruins, and it is not yet known who, or how many are the victims.

Following is the list of killed and wounded so far as ascertained:

Killed.

Charles Becht.
Mrs. John Marriott.
James Seymour, colored boy.

Injured.

Dr. T. K. Wissinger, badly and probably fatally burned and bruised.
Herman Baker, badly burned.
Daniel Cherry, burned painfully.
Charles Woodruff, cut and bruised seriously.
Mrs. Tully, burned and injured internally, probably fatally.
Patrick Suiskie, cut on head.
Aaron Beens, cut on face and head.
Benj. Morgan, cut in head and internal injuries.
Charles Lowery, burned and bruised.
Albert Ticklider, bruised and cut.
—— Brady, burned and cut.
Edward Viemer, cut and burned.
—— Wolff, cut and burned.
Miss Belle Smith, badly hurt.
Mrs. Corn, badly burned.
Peter Marriott, terribly burned about shoulders and neck.
Thomas Doyle, hands burned partially off.
Emma Bowers, probably fatally burned.
Marshall Kilbourne, horrible injuries on neck and head.
William Brady, probably fatally suffocated.
William James, hands and face roasted; will die.
Mrs. William James, badly cut and bruised.
—— Blankinger, horribly burned and cut.

The houses for several blocks around the scene of the explosion have been made into hospitals where many are being cared for. The scenes at the morgue are ghastly. The remains of those killed are cut and burned almost beyond recognition.

Resigned and Shot Himself.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—George H. Lounsberry, who resigned as cashier of the New York postoffice, shot himself at Hackensack, N. J., last evening. It is reported that there is a deficiency of $30,000 in his accounts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Summary of Proceedings in Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The house got in a tangle over the rules, Mr. Bland protesting against the speaker's right to decide absolutely without rules. The debate was prolonged and the motion to appeal from the decision of the chair tabled by a vote of 149 to 136.

A number of bills were introduced and referred, among them one by Mr. Reilly appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Pottsville, Pa.

The senate passed a few unimportant bills concerning western lands. Mr. Quay introduced a bill to incorporate the Philadelphia and Camden Bridge company.

Most of the session was devoted to discussion of Mr. Berry's resolution requiring the census commissioner to gather statistics concerning farm mortgages. The matter went over without action.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The house passed the Oklahoma town site bill.

In committee of the whole the house considered the bill to purchase three sites, one north and one south of the thirty-ninth degree of latitude and one west of the Rocky mountains, and to erect thereon buildings for the confinement of United States prisoners.

Mr. McKinley moved that the house go into committee of the whole on the customs administrative bill, but the Democrats by dilatory tactics forced an adjournment.

The senate resumed consideration of the census bill, which was finally recommitted to the census committee.

Several unimportant bills were passed and Mr. Blair addressed the senate on his educational bill. Further consideration of the measure was deferred to Feb. 3.

In secret session the seal of secrecy was removed from the Samoan treaty signed at Berlin June 14, 1889, by the plenipotentaries of the United States, Germany and Great Britain.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—In the house Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, submitted the report of the committee on elections on the contested case of Smith vs. Jackson, from the Fourth district of West Virginia. After unimportant routine business the house went into committee of the whole on the customs administrative bill.

In the senate credentials of William A. Clark and Martin Maginnis as senators-elect from the state of Montana were presented by Mr. Vest, read and referred. The four gentlemen claiming to be senators-elect were, pending the contest, admitted to the privileges of the floor.

The senate galleries were crowded with spectators in anticipation of Mr. Ingalls' speech on the negro exportation bill. Mr. Ingalls spoke for two hours and was warmly applauded at the finish. The routine business of the day was unimportant. The senate adjourned until Monday.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—After unimportant routine bill the house went into committee of the whole on the customs administrative bill and made considerable progress in its consideration.

The senate was not in session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The house passed McKinley's administrative customs bill by a vote of 138 to 121. A resolution by Mr. Hitt to increase the membership of the world's fair committee from nine to thirteen was referred to the committee on rules. The senate was not in session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—In the house Mr. McCreary of Kentucky offered a resolution which was referred, congratulating the people of Brazil on their just and peaceful assumption of the powers, duties and responsibilities of self government.

The house then, in committee of the whole, proceeded to consider the bill appropriating $1,500,000 for the erection of three United States prisons and for the imprisonment of United States prisoners. After some discussion followed, the committee rose, reported the bill to the house, and it was passed.

In the senate Mr. Hoar presented resolutions recently adopted at a mass meeting in Boston in relation to the cruel privation of colored people in the southern states of the right to take part in elections. Referred to the committee on privileges and elections.

The resolution heretofore offered by Mr. Chandler calling on the attorney general for the report of the United States marshal for the northern district of Mississippi concerning the maltreatment of Henry J. Faunce at Aberdeen, Miss., the roofer who cut down the effigy of Secretary Proctor and was afterwards whipped and driven out of town for so doing, was taken up for consideration and a lively debate ensued.

BURNED IN THE WRECK.

Seven Killed in the Monon Railroad Disaster—The List of Injured.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—Additional particulars of the accident to the passenger train No. 1, on the Monon route, wrecked near Carmel, Ind., add two more to the list of those killed, while the list of those injured will probably be increased.

The train was running at a rapid rate and was approaching the long trestle across Wilkerson creek when the tender of the engine jumped the track.

The engineer reversed his engine, but before the air brake could check the speed of the train the locomotive and baggage car had cleared the trestle, but the sleeping and smoking coach went over into the creek, both taking fire almost immediately and being consumed in a remarkably short time.

Those who escaped uninjured busied themselves in digging out the dead and injured from the wreck, but before this could be accomplished the heat of the burning cars became so intense that they had to withdraw.

Following is a list of the victims:

Killed—J. N. Deming, Sheridan, Ind.; Mrs. Eubanks, Broad Ripple; two children of D. S. Oldham, Sheridan; one unknown woman. Mrs. Oldham, Miss Mary Hoover.

Injured—J. D. Pearson, Sheridan, Ind.; H. C. Miller, New York city; Louis Newman, George Munser, Charles G. Wirt, Frankford; B. S. Whitsett, Indianapolis; M. B. Ingersoll, of Detroit; J. P. Altzier, G. W. Stingel, Rossville; Harry Angle.

Investigation reveals that the accident was due to spreading of rails about 150 feet from the trestle.

Death of Ex-Senator Riddleberger.

WINCHESTER, Va., Jan. 25.—Ex-Senator Riddleberger, who died yesterday morning, had been confined to his room since the holidays. He was unconscious for three weeks, except at intervals. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The interment will be at Edenburg.

Harrison H. Riddleberger was born in Edinburg, Va., Oct. 4, 1844. He served three years in the Confederate army as lieutenant of infantry and as captain of cavalry. He was a lawyer by profession. He was twice elected to the house of delegates, and served a term as state senator. Since 1879 he was editor of three different newspapers. He was a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket of 1876, and the same on the Readjuster ticket of 1880. In 1881 he was elected to the United States senate, and took his seat Dec. 3, 1883. His term expired in March of last year.

Mrs. Parnell Again in Need.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Jan. 27.—The sum of money recently given to Mrs. Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, by her friends in America was insufficient, and she is again penniless. The relief expected from certain quarters was not forthcoming, and she is again in need of the actual necessaries of life.

SHOT AT THE BISHOP.

A Young Man Startles the Congregation of a Philadelphia Church.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—During confirmation services at St. John's Episcopal church, corner of St. John and Brown streets, last evening, the congregation was startled by the actions of an apparently demented young man who rose from his seat in the church and fired a shot from a revolver at Bishop Whitaker, who was in the pulpit.

Immediately there was great confusion, but it was quickly seen that no harm had resulted from the shot. The young man, who gave his name as David Alexander, of 1310 Parrish street, was taken into custody. He told a rambling story of a letter he had received which had induced him to make the attempt to kill the venerable bishop. He was locked up, pending an investigation of the matter.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—David Alexander, the 19-year-old young man who attempted to put a leaden bullet in Bishop Whitaker at St. John's Protestant Episcopal church was examined medically by Dr. Thomas H. Andrews, the police surgeon, and Dr. J. S. Gibb, who concluded that the unfortunate young man must be strictly confined in an institution, as a protection to the lives of the right reverend bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese and Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, of St. Stephen's church. He was pronounced a religious monomaniac, with homicidal tendencies.

After Mrs. Rudert's Murderers.

PORTLAND, Me., Jan 25.—The police received from Tarenton, Pa., the description of three men who murdered Mrs. Paul Rudert at that place. The officers say that three who answer the description in every particular slept in the station Thursday night and departed in the morning. Officers are now in search of the men.

Divorced from an Ex-Mayor.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 27.—Judge Edwin B. Howe made a decree legally separating forever Margaret A. Fulton, daughter of Rev. Dr. John Douglass, from her husband Andrew Fulton, ex-mayor of Pittsburg. The ground upon which the divorce was asked was the excessive use of liquor and neglect.

Charged with Defrauding a Fellow Hun.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Jan. 27.—Mike Pavelick, a Hungarian interpreter, was arrested here on the charge of embezzling funds from a Hungarian who sends money to the old country through the broker's office of C. D. Connor, who employed Pavelick. He was unable to give bail.

A Natural Gas Well Ignites.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 27.—At De Haven station, on the Pittsburg and Western railroad, a natural gas well, with a pressure of 500 pounds, ignited while four drillers were plugging it. The four men were terribly burned, but all but one—George Moore—will recover.

Deputy Collectors Appointed.

LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 27.—Collector Fridy announces the appointment of Charles W. Myers, of York, to the chief deputyship of York county. There was an animated contest for this position. Hart Gilbert, of Gettysburg, was appointed division deputy.

Cold Water Candidates.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 27.—The Prohibitionists of this city have nominated John R. Fordham for mayor, Henry W. Crocker for controller, F. E. Hutchinson for treasurer, Abraham Thomas, John H. Moore and H. H. Eaton for assessors.

Injured in an Electric Car Collision.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 27.—By a collision of electric street cars on the Penn avenue hill Conductor William Barnum and Mail Carrier Rush Wright were jammed through door windows and badly cut.

Died While Conversing in a Chair.

MECHANICSBURG, Pa., Jan. 27.—Simon K. Oyster, residing at New Cumberland, died while sitting in a chair and conversing with relatives. Heart disease was the verdict of the family physician.

Scarlet Fever Follows the Grip.

BOYERTOWN, Pa., Jan. 25.—Scarlet fever is following in the wake of the grip in this vicinity. At Huff's Church a child of William M. Conrad died of the fever and four other children in the same family are ill.

Died While Pulling on His Boots.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 25.—While William Styers, a well known resident of St. Clair, was pulling on his boots, he suddenly fell over and expired.

A Grip Victim.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 25.—John Kohler, one of the most prominent citizens of Pottsville, died of the grip, aged 85 years.

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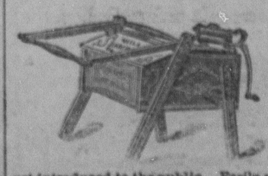
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FOR

1890.

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SPECIFICS

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25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
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A good stock of new guns just received at Deschner's Great Central Gun Works, Bellefonte, such as Double B. L. Shot Guns, Double B L. Rifle and Shot Gun.

Single Rifles, B. L. from $2.57 to $12.
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Boy—Mother, since I have been using *Wolff's Acme Blacking* my shoes wear longer than ever before, and I never get my feet wet, but I do not think they look as smooth as when I first used it.

Mother—Indeed, my son, I am sorry you are so careless. You forget that even a good thing is only good when properly used. You have not even looked at the directions, for they are yet around the neck of the bottle. Now you must read them, and they will get you out of your trouble. Your father and I keep our shoes in elegant order by its use. I use it about once a month and pays about once a week.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is wonderful; **preserving** and **Waterproofing** any leather; giving it a **deep, rich black lustre** which **lasts a week.** *Don't use oftener.* Do not confound ACME Blacking with any other. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c. Try it on your Harness.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD —(Philadelp and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 10, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25	p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30	a m
" "	Montandon	5 36	a m
" "	Williamsport	7 10	a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35	a m
" "	Lock Haven	7 58	a m
" "	Renovo	8 55	a m
" arr at	Erie	4 05	p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10	a m
" "	Montandon	10 12	a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10	a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 10	p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	8 50	a m
" "	Harrisburg	12 15	a m
" "	Montandon	2 03	a m
" arr at	Williamsport	3 05	p m
" "	Lock Haven	4 15	p m
" "	Renovo	5 15	p m
" "	Kane	9 10	p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50	p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45	p m
" "	Montandon	5 54	p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10	p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 02	p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00	p m
WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia	5 34	a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 30	a m
" "	Montandon	9 34	a m
" arrives at	Williamsport	10 30	a m

Sunday Train.—Williamtport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a m
" " "	Jersey Shore	7 35	a m
" " "	Williamsport	8 15	a m
" " "	Montandon	9 17	a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg	11 30	a m
" " "	Philadelphia	3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25	a m
" "	Renovo	10 20	a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15	a m
" "	Williamsport	12 20	p m
" "	Montandon	1 20	p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 13	p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50	p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo	4 30	p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 35	p m
" "	Williamsport	6 40	p m
" "	Montandon	7 42	p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45	p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 25	a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	3 00	p m
" "	Renovo	10 30	p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 25	p m
" "	Williamsport	12 25	a m
" "	Montandon	1 29	a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 22	a m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50	a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport	1 30	a m
" "	Montandon	2 30	a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30	a m
" "	Philadelphia	10 20	a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A M	A. M. STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
2 05	10 15	5 50 Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15 Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24 Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30 Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41 Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56 Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05 Laureiton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40 Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52 Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58 Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10 Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18 Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25 Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33 Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42 Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48 Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52 Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59 Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09 Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14 Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20 Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45 p m. and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

WILD WESTERN WIND

A Howling Hurricane Sweeps Through Colorado.

A TRAIN BLOWN FROM THE TRACK

The Lives of the Twenty Imprisoned Passengers Imperilled by Fire—Trees Blown Down and Railroad Tracks Buried in Sand—The Howard Athenæum Company Still Stuck in the Snow.

DENVER, Jan. 27.—The two coaches and sleeping car of the Rio Grande express which were blown from the track near Monument station during the hurricane Saturday night, immediately caught fire, and for a few moments it looked as though the twenty imprisoned passengers would be burned to death. By heroic efforts, however, the trainmen succeeded in extinguishing the flames before any one was burned. Among the passengers injured by the accident is Assistant General Freight Agent Zimmerman, of the Rio Grande road.

It is reported that on Pike's Peak several railroad grading men were killed by being blown over a precipice. This report is not confirmed, however.

Sand Covered the Tracks.

A terrible storm raged in eastern Colorado all Saturday and Friday night. Denver's streets have been almost deserted from morning till night and reports from divide counties show it to be the worst storm in years. Trains on the Santa Fe, Rio Grande and Fort Worth were moved only by gangs of section men clearing the sand which fills the cuts from the rails. The path of the heaviest storm was down the mountains through Monument, Colorado Springs and Manitou.

Building s Blown Down.

A telephone message from Monument said that many buildings had been destroyed and citizens were moving from their houses and taking refuge in the brush.

The gale reached a hurricane at Manitou. Buildings are reported wrecked and sidewalks lifted bodily and hurled through the air and to add to the terror of the situation, fire has broken out in mountain between this point and Pike's Peak and is spreading over the hills with fearful rapidity. The fire is only two miles from the town and a slight change of wind would send it into town and nothing could save the beautiful mountain resort with its mammoth hotel and elegant cottages.

Severe Snow Storms in Idaho.

DENVER, Jan. 27.—Reports from Idaho are that the worst snow storm of the season has been raging since 2 o'clock Friday afternoon all through the territory. The Utah Northern railroad is completely blocked again and all rolling stock and motive power has been ordered side tracked until the storm is over. The Central Pacific is also in worse condition than ever.

It was reported Saturday morning that the fast mail side tracked at Shady Run for the past ten days, on which the Howard Athenæum company is, had been gotten out and that the company were on the way to Omaha to pick up their thread of engagements. The unfortunate train is still stuck fast and is not likely to get out for several days. Nothing can be learned as to their health or condition, but they must be in very unpleasant shape.

NELLIE BLY'S FEAT.

She Puts a Girdle 'Round the Earth in 72 Days and 6 Hours.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The World's globe girdler, Miss Nelly Bly, has completed her trip around the world. She accomplished the task in 72 days, 6 hours and 11 minutes, having covered during her travels a distance of 23,000 miles.

Miss Bly reached Jersey City, over the Pennsylvania railroad, at 3:51 Saturday afternoon and was given a hearty reception by a crowd of friends and admirers which had gathered to greet her. When the train stopped Miss Bly stepped to the platform and was promptly timed.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—A Pennsylvania girl it was that accomplished the feat of beating all records as a circumnavigator. Nellie Bly received an ovation all through the state from Pittsburg to Philadelphia such as only is given to a president-elect or to a great popular presidential candidate. She finished the journey without mishap or illness, and modestly entered into the enthusiasm that thousands showed at Harrisburg, Lancaster and Philadelphia and frankly acknowledged she enjoyed it.



NELLIE BLY.

A reporter greeted her on the sleeping car Ilion at Harrisburg. Miss Bly had just arisen, having remained up the night before until she had passed through Pittsburg. "That's my old home, you know," she said, "and if there had only been one person at the station to greet me I should have remained up to greet him." A crowd of 1,500 persons crushed through the gate. The newspaper men were out in force with floral gifts and Miss Bly kept them waiting a moment or two before opening her stateroom door. When she did, the throng found a pleasant faced young woman, just a trifle above the average height, very slender in figure, about 28 years of age.

Miss Bly's real name is no longer a secret to the world at large. She is Elizabeth Cochrane, of Pittsburg, and a daughter of Associate Justice Cochrane, of that city. Her brother, A. P. Cochrane, is in the rubber business.

The Late Adam Forepaugh.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24.—The death of Adam Forepaugh, which occurred at his residence, 1612 Green street, removes the only circus manager who could be regarded as a serious rival of P. T. Barnum. The cause was pneumonia, superinduced by la grippe. He had been ill but a short time. Mr. Forepaugh is survived by a widow and one son, Adam Forepaugh, Jr., who will inherit the immense circus property.

Miners Adopt a Constitution.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 27.—The proposed constitution was adopted by the National Miners' association with but few changes from the draft reported by the committee. To facilitate concerted action the mining territory was divided into twenty-one districts. These officers were elected: President, John B. Rae; vice president, W. B. Turner.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Mrs. Day, who was some time ago arrested in Michigan on suspicion of being the notorious Mrs. Bender, has become insane in the jail at Oswego, Kan.

The secretary of the treasury has made the following appointments in the internal revenue service: James S. Kerr, gauger, Twenty-third Pennsylvania district; Jacob L. Nisley, storekeeper, Ninth Pennsylvania district; J. R. Windolph, gauger, Ninth Pennsylvania district.

There were 127 deaths from influenza in London during the past week.

The duke of Veragua, the new Spanish minister of finance, is a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus.

The New York presbytery continued the debate on the confession of faith.

A general strike of the green glass blowers in Pittsburg and throughout the entire western district is threatened.

There is four feet of snow in Nevada City and seven feet on the neighboring hills.

The rumor of the pope's death widely circulated in Europe proves to have been utterly unfounded.

The Conservatives will hold an enormous mass meeting in Belfast next Tuesday.

Von der Ahe is reported to be anxious to sell out and quit the baseball business.

Albert Paul Smith, president of the Chicago clearing house, fell dead in a Cottage Grove avenue street car.

The Delagoa Bay railway has been completed to the frontier of the Transvaal.

The National Howard Bank of Baltimore was authorized to begin business with a capital of $200,000.

George Kennan, of Siberian fame, has received a letter from a Siberian exile confirming the rumored massacre of exiles by Russian soldiers at Yakutsk.

Wall street is agitated by a rumor of a $6,000,000 failure at Buenos Ayres.

Edouard Rothschild fought a duel with Marquis de Guoy near Paris in which the marquis was wounded.

Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard made a long argument before the house judiciary committee inopposition to the international copyright bill. Mr. Hubbard said that the works of American authors were to-day published in England as largely as the works of English authors.

The court of errors and appeals at Dover, Del., upheld the constitutionality of the Bayard assessment law.

Before the house committee on ways and means Congressman Butterworth argued in favor of his bill for commercial reciprocity with Canada.

The New York legislature deferred until Tuesday action on the bill authorizing the city of New York to issue $10,000,000 guarantee bonds for the world's fair of 1892.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and his wife are passengers on the Cunard line steamer Aurania, which sailed from Liverpool for New York.

George H. Lounsbery, charged with robbing the New York postoffice, died from his pistol shot wound. The inner compartment in the safe was opened in the absence of the bondsmen, who say that absolves them from responsibility. It is alleged that no money was found. A domestic grief would give one reason for suicide.

Senator Daniel delivered a eulogy on Jefferson Davis at the Academy of Music, Richmond.

Cable advices from St. Petersburg state that the czar has been invited to arbitrate between Holland and France in regard to the boundary line between Cayenne, or French Guiana, and Surinam, or Dutch Guiana.

Dom Pedro was interviewed at Cannes. He believes there will be great dissensions among the different sections of the republic. He longs to return and die among his people.

A New York lawyer named Justus Palmer dropped dead while arguing a case before Judge Van Wyck, general term supreme court.

Azwan, who killed his sweetheart some months ago, has been sentenced to death in Indianapolis.

The national amateur skating races at Newburg, N. Y., will commence as soon as the ice is strong enough for the purpose.

It is reported that a three-fourths interest in the Forepaugh show has been sold to a British syndicate for $600,000.

The lot on the northeast corner of State and Randolph streets, in Chicago, has been purchased for the projected $2,000,000 Masonic temple.

Kaiser Wilhelm's 31st birthday was quietly observed in Berlin.

Gen. Lester B. Faulkner, the Danville bank wrecker, died at Canaserga, N. Y.

Fire in the Kittery navy yard destroyed two large buildings. The loss will reach $100,000.

A snowslide at Logansville, Cal., buried a house and two of the inmates were killed.

Gen. Radetzki died at Odessa. He was one of the heroes of Shipka Pass, which was so gallantly held by the Russians against the Turks in 1878.

THE MARKETS.

Prices on the Stock, Produce and Petroleum Exchanges.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—The market was firm. Pennsylvania was strong, advancing ½ per cent. Reading was strong early in the day, but afterwards declined. The preference income bonds were strong. Lehigh Valley and Lehigh Navigation were firm.

Following were the closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	52⅝	Reading g. m. 4s	86½
N. Pac. com	33¾	Reading 1st pf. 5s	71⅝
N. Pac. pf	75⅞	Reading 2d pf. 5s	50⅝
Pennsylvania	54½	Reading 3d pf. 5s	42¼
Reading	19½	H. and B. T. com.	..
Lehigh Nav	51⅜	H. and B. T. pf.	..
St. Paul	70¾	W. N. Y. and P.	89

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—State and western flour weak; moderate demand; low extras, $2.35@2.75; city mills, $4.30@4.50; city mills patents, $4.65@5.25.

Wheat—Slow ½@¾c. lower and easy; January, 85¼c.; February, 85⅝c.; March, 86⅞@86 13-16c.; May, 87⅛@87⅝c.; June, 86¼c.; July, 85@85 3-16c.; August, 84¼@84 5-16c.; December, 86¾@87c.

Barley—Firm; state, 52@58c.; western, 48@63c.; Canadian, 59@75c.

Corn—Quiet and weak; mixed western, 27@41c.

Oats—Quiet and easy; state, 29@35c.; western, 28@35c.

Beef—Quiet; plate, $7.75@8; extra mess, $7.

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Eggs—Firm and quieter; state and Pennsylvania, 17¼@17½c.; western, 16¾@17¼c.; southern, 15¼@17c.

The Oil Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.—Oil opened at $1.07, advanced to $1.07⅛ and closed at $1.06¾.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The market opened at $1.07, advanced to $1.07⅛ and closed at $1.06¾.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 27.—Petroleum strong. Market opened at $1.06¾, advanced to $1.07¼ and at noon $1.07¼ was bid.

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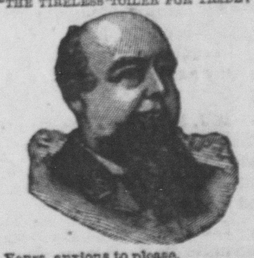
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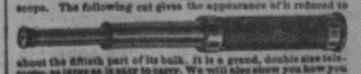
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WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES IN ALL DIRECTIONS? YOU CAN SEE IT WITH THIS EYE. AYE MORE

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $20 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. AUGUSTA MACHETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

SCORES OF LIVES IMPERILLED ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

THEY ARE SAVED BY A BRIDGE TENDER'S PROMPTITUDE.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Jan. 22.—Superintendent Isaac D. Barton, of the Long Island Railroad, appeared before Justice Kavanagh, in Long Island City, this morning and swore out warrants for the arrest of Theodore Redwood, an engineer, and Charles Willis, a fireman employed on the Long Island road. The two men were in charge of the train that left the Long Island depot at Long Island City yesterday morning at 11 o'clock.

It consisted of two passenger cars, one baggage car and the engine, and was bound for Oyster Bay. The passenger cars were well filled. About half a mile from the railroad yard the track crosses a drawbridge over the Dutch Kills creek, which is about 40 feet wide at this point. This draw was wide open, and the train approached it at full speed, the men in the cab being entirely unconscious of the impending danger. The draw tender fortunately saw the engine approaching, and, seeming to realize that the engineer of the train was not aware of the danger, jumped to his post and began closing the bridge.

The train was coming on, the bridge was closing, and, in a few seconds, it would be settled whether scores of lives would be cast into eternity. The horrified witnesses of the scene held their breath in fearful anticipation. Fortunately the bridge tender was a good man and true, and did his work well. The cowcatcher of the engine was not 10 feet from the edge of the draw when the bridge closed with a bang, and the forward wheel of the locomotive struck the rail of the bridge half a second afterwards.

It was a narrow escape. As one of the spectators expressed it: "It was only a hand's breath from instant death." The train ran on carrying to their homes safely the hundreds or so of passengers who were all unconscious of the danger they had passed.

Redwood and Willis reside at Rockaway Beach. The warrants for their arrests were placed in the hands of Capt. Owen Kavanaugh and Sergeant Clancy, of the Beach force.

THE INFLUENZA.

THE DEATH RATE IN CHICAGO EXCEEDS THE WINTER RECORD.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—The *Herald* of this morning says: "With the air filled with frost crystals and the stinging prairie wind driving the thermometer down to zero, the health officers looked for a falling off in the daily number of deaths in the city, but when it came to close their books, at 4 o'clock last evening, there lay before them 130 death certificates, an increase of 11 over the record of the previous day.

"The death certificates show a continuance of malignant throat and pulmonary affections. Bronchitis is increasing among children, and influenza, which is growing more violent, is sweeping off people at the rate of 20 a day. There were 16 deaths within the past 24 hours from influenza and its complications. This is the record shown by the death certificates. If to these were added the grip fatalities reported due to pneumonia the number of deaths due to the prevailing epidemic for the day would reach 30 or more. Nearly one-half of the deaths recorded yesterday were due to throat and lung diseases. Pneumonia killed 17 persons; bronchitis, 16 influenza, 16; and consumption, 12."

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Jan. 22.—Thomas Rainey, one of the best known ranchmen in Texas, died yesterday from la grippe. Immediately after his death his aged father went into an adjoining room and blew his brains out. The father and son will be buried together.

AMESBURY, Mass., Jan. 22.—Mrs. Polly Osgood, who celebrated her 100th birthday January 10th, died last night of influenza.

QUEBEC, Jan. 22.—The influenza has been so prevalent among the members of the Quebec Legislature that no serious work has been done in the House so far this session.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A suburban passenger train and a freight on the Missouri Pacific Road collided in Omaha, Nebraska, on the morning of the 21st. Wm. Boyle, a local Democratic politician, was killed instantly; J. Schwarick, Deputy County Treasurer, was internally injured; J. A. Harvey and a man named Vandeventer was badly crushed, probably fatally; S. Fraher and Frank Church had their legs broken; two brothers named Mitzlaffs, railroad shop boys, were very seriously injured; one had his skull fractured. Several other passengers were more or less bruised. The conductor, William Shields, had an arm broken, and was badly crushed. An engine and several cars on the Alabama Midland Railroad ran off the track near Gordon on the 21st, killing the engineer, Raleigh, and the fireman, Floor.

—The river at Evansville, Indiana, has overflowed its banks and has spread over the bottom lands. A number of families have been driven from their homes. At Calhoun many families are living in the churches and schoolhouses, having been driven from their dwellings by the high water.

—Catarrhal pneumonia has developed among a herd of cattle at Eden, Pa., and several animals have already died. The state authorities have been notified.

—A passenger train was stopped near Tulare, California, on the morning of the 21st by two masked men. The amount taken from the express car is not known, but is said to be several thousand dollars. The robbers made the engineer and fireman accompany them some distance from the train.

—On the morning of the 20th, F. W. Parsons tied his horse to an awning post in Newburgh, New York, and went away. The horse touched the iron post with his nose and fell into the gutter. Thomas Dawson, who tried to raise the horse, fell dead as soon as he touched him. Thomas Saltz, who saw Dawson fall, went to his assistance and received a terrible shock. An arc electric light wire had sagged and lay upon an iron rod extending from the awning post to the building, and the current was passing down the iron post into the ground. Saltz recovered in a short time and so did the horse. Dawson was a laborer. He was large and powerful, weighing over 200 pounds.

—By an explosion of natural gas from a main at Sewickley, Pa., on the evening of the 20th, Mrs. George Gibbs and her daughter were terribly burned and the recovery of the former is doubtful. The ladies were on their way home, carrying a lantern, when gas which was escaping from a break in the main ignited, and they were enveloped in flames. A telegram from Tacoma, Washington, says that at least ten men and thousands of cattle and sheep perished in the blizzard which began on the first of the year and raged for a week. Isaac Lockwood, who was found in his room in New York, on the evening of the 20th, suffering from suffocation by gas from a stove, died on the 25th.

—Kyle Terry, a nephew of the late Judge David Terry, was shot and killed, and two of his friends were badly wounded, on the 21st, in Galveston, Texas. The killing was the outcome of the Fort Bend troubles.

—John Wesley Elkins, aged 12 years, was sentenced to imprisonment for life in Des Moines, Iowa, on the 22d. He murdered his father and mother, and was indicted for both offences, but, as he pleaded guilty to the first, the other was not tried. He confessed the crime, and gave as his motive that he had desired to leave home and shift for himself, but his parents had objected.

—An explosion of natural gas in Pittsburg on the 22d demolished a three-story frame dwelling. John Slip, aged 38 years, was killed and eight others were injured, several it is feared, fatally. The explosion was caused by a leak in the cellar, the gas being ignited from a candle carried by one of the occupants of the house. Thomas Rainey, one of the best known ranchmen in Texas, died in San Antonia on the 21st. Immediately after his death his aged father committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. Captain George H. Burr, of the large coal schooner Nelson E. Newbury, was accidentally drowned at Baltimore on the 22d. He and two companions were in a small boat, which overturned.

—The mail car on the Coon Mountain train, which left Memphis, Tennessee, on the evening of the 21st, was burned near Knoble, Arkansas, on the 22d. The car contained the mail for Texas points, St. Louis, Chicago and the West, and registered matter to the amount of $4000, all of which was lost. The fire was caused by the breaking of a lamp.

—The snow began to fall in California again, on the morning of the 22d, and continued all day. A despatch from Nevada says that the weather was blustery and that the high winds caused the snow to drift badly, filling up the roads and cuts as soon as they were opened up to travel. The first train for ten days over the Union Pacific Railroad reached Tacoma, Washington, on the 22d. Passengers reported a snow blockade near Baker City, Oregon, where eight passenger trains are snowed in, the first one having been caught on the 12th. The passengers report a terrible experience, three persons having died during the blockade, and a number of women and children having been taken sick and receiving no other attention than that extended by their fellow passengers. The entire Rio Grande system is now open, the snow blockage having been raised. The Union Pacific Portland branch was opened on the 22d and the first train from that city for several days reached Denver, Colorado, on the afternoon of the 23d. The San Francisco route was opened on the 23d and the first through train for the coast left Denver on the 23d.

—Nicholas Meyer shot and killed his wife in Chicago, on the 23d, and then committed suicide. Jealousy was the cause. While several men were shooting at a mark near Snow Shoe, Penna., on the afternoon of the 23d, Michael Bordner, one of the party, called out to a man named Stachick, who was replacing the target, "What a fine shot!" Stachick replied, "Shoot away." Bordner thereupon fired, killing Stachick on the spot. John and Dell McCoy, Rice Jamison, Clark Fowler and George Redding, have been arrested for the murder of Constable Long and the wounding of his wife, in Guyandotte county, West Virginia, on the evening of the 19th. United States Deputy Marshal Sims obtained a clew to their hiding place, which was on a shanty boat on the Tug branch of the Big Sandy. At midnight the Marshal and posse secured the five men as they slept, although each man was wearing a belt full of revolvers and the room was an arsenal of Winchesters and other weapons. To avoid lynching the prisioners were taken to Richmond.

—The boilers in the flour mills at Hallowell, Mo., exploded on the 23rd, fatally injuring Albert Earls, proprietor, and Mayberry, the engineer. The fireman was also badly hurt.

—A passenger train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad struck two girls named Walker, aged 9 and 10 years, at Verner Station, Pa., on the evening of the 22nd. One was killed and the other fatally injured. They were walking on the track. A carriage, containing Mr. and Mrs. George Comstock, was struck by a train on the Danbury and Norfolk Railroad, at Wilton, Connecticut, on the 23rd. Mr. and Mrs. Comstock are both very deaf, and could not hear the train. Both were fatally injured.

—While a funeral procession, accompanying the remains of the five-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Payne to the grave at Chicago, was about entering Rose Hill Cemetery on the afternoon of the 23d, and was crossing the tracks of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, which pass in front of the cemetery, an express train thundered along and struck the first carriage containing the parents of the dead infant, their 9-year-old daughter and Mrs. Reprogal. All except the daughter were killed, and the driver, Simon Anderson, was also killed. The girl escaped with slight injuries. Fifteen coaches containing mourners followed the Payne vehicle, but escaped damage.

—Laura Linton, a maiden lady living on a farm in Camden township, Ohio, was shot and killed on the evening of the 21st. She feared a visit from burglars, and asked two boys, named Roberts and Guisley, to stay at her home. They armed themselves with shot guns, and hearing a noise at night arose and fired at the supposed burglar. It is believed the woman was walking in her sleep, as she made no response when they called to her.

51st CONGRESS.--First Session.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 21st, bills were introduced by Mr. Jones, of Nevada, to discontinue the coinage of three and one dollar gold pieces and three-cent pieces; by Mr. Hale, to remunerate navy yard employes for time lost in consequence of injuries received in the yards, and by Mr. Cameron, to rearrange the pay of the navy. The Copyright bill was reported and placed on the calendar. The Senate bill to Promote the Efficiency of the Navy, and the Senate joint resolution for the removal of the Apache Indian prisoners to Fort Sully, in the Indian Territory, were taken from the calendar and passed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 22d, a bill was passed increasing to $100 a month the pension of the widow of General Judson S. Kilpatrick. The bill requiring the Superintendent of the Census to ascertain what percentage of the farmers own their farms, and the number and amount of farm mortgages, was discussed and recommitted. Several bills were taken from the calendar. Bills were passed provididing an American register for the steamer Bernard, of Philadelphia, and appropriating $1,500,000 for a public building at St. Paul, on a site given by the city. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 23d, Mr. Vest presented the credentials of William A. Clark and Martin Maginnis as Senators-elect from Montana, and, on his motion, they were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. On his motion also the four gentlemen claiming to be Senators-elect from that State were admitted, pending the contest, to the privileges of the floor. Bills were passed placing General Stoneman on the retired list as a Colonel of Infantry, and granting an American register to the ship Kenilworth. The latter bill had passed the House. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 21st, bills were introduced, under the call of States, by Mr. McKenna, of California, to discontinue the coinage of the one and three dollar gold pieces and the nickel three cent pieces; by Mr. Reilly, of Pennsylvania, for a public building in Pottsville; by Mr. Funston, of Kansas, for a commission to inquire into the causes of the present agricultural depression, by Mr. Dorsey, of Nebraska, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to reduce the reserve fund; by Mr. Bingham, of Pennsylvania, appropriating $6,000,000 "for the purchase by the Government of an improved educational system," and by Mr. Owen, of Indiana, "to prohibit objectionable immigration and to encourage desirable immigration." The Oklahoma Town Site bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, pending which the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 20th, bills were introduced by Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, defining options and futures and imposing a tax on dealers therein; by Mr. Morrow, of California, to prohibit, absolutely, the coming of Chinese into the United States; by Mr. Stewart, of Texas, to promote reciprocity with Mexico; by Mr. Conger, authorizing the issue of Treasury notes on deposit of bullion, and by Mr. Morrow, of California, "to place the American merchant marine engaged in the foreign carrying trade on an equality with that of other nations." A resolution was introduced by Mr. Cowles, of North Carolina, instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill repealing the tobacco tax.

In the House, on the 22d, Mr. Payson, of Illinois, introduced a bill to forfeit certain land grants to railroads. The Oklahoma Town Site bill was considered in committee of the whole, reported to the House and passed. Adjourned.

In the House on the 23d, a resolution was adopted, at the instance of the Committee on Patents, instructing that committee to inquire whether any change or modification in existing laws in relation to patents is necessary, in order to correct any alleged abuses and render the system more perfect and efficient. A bill was introduced by Mr. Thompson, of Ohio, to regulate the importation of copper. Mr. Dorsey, of Nevada, from the Committee on Banking and Currency, reported a bill for the issue of circulating notes to national banks. It was ordered printed and recommitted. The Customs Administrative bill was considered in Committee of the Whole. Pending action the committee rose and the House adjourned.

"Why is Miss B——wearing black?"

"She is in mourning for her husband."

"Why, she never had a husband!"

"No; that is why she mourns."

Old Year and New Year.

BY WM. M. E. BUTTS.

Old Year and New Year—
It is all God's year;
His time for sowing,
His time for reaping,
His time for growing,
For rest and quiet sleeping;
His time for soaring
On wings of the Spirit;
His time for adoring
The Infinite Merit.

O world above! our world,
Our times, and our places,
Are but as child's play
To thy marvellous spaces.
But if, as dear children,
With hearts full of yearning,
We love and forget not,
Are docile for learning,
Then New Year and Old Year,
Their hoping, regretting,
Will all turn to God's year,
With no time for fretting.

A GREEN GOWN.

It was like the apple-pie that A made in the old nursery story, when:

"B bit it,
"C cut it,
"D divided it,
"E eyed it,
"F fought for it,
"G got it,
"H had it"—and so on to the end of the alphabet.

There were not so many girls in the Nickerson family as there are letters in the alphabet, but there were six. And then there was Teddy, the one boy. But this, for a wonder, was a pie in which Teddy didn't have his finger.

Fallowfield, where the Nickersons lived, is away down Hardscrabble way. They have forgotten to put it down on the map. It is so far, up hill and down dale, that the railroad gives out before it gets there, and the stage that connects with the railroad drops one at the foot of a steep hill two miles from Fallowfield. But Uncle Peleg Dodge "accommodates" and, although he and his horse are both old and fat, one arrives at last and finds that Fallowfield is a thriving little village, although the large clothes-pin factory is almost the only commercial interest, and the Hardscrabble *Herald* prints, periodically, among its funny paragraphs the statement that Fallowfield hangs on to the world only by a clothes-pin.

The Nickersons were among the old families of Fallowfield. They had family portraits by distinguished artists, and jeweled knee-buckles and a genealogical tree, (Becky had, however, almost ruined the latter by painting red apples and green leaves upon it when her paint box was new). It was impossible to live off old portraits and a genealogical tree, and they were so poor, now, that they were actually afraid that Teddy, whom they had hoped to send to college, would have to go into the clothes-pin factory to work.

Perley Beck, whose father owned the clothes-pin factory, had sent out invitations for a party. The Becks had moved to Fallowfield from a city, and were thought "stylish." Perley had some city friends visiting her, and the cards read: "To meet the Misses Gladys and Kitty Bramwell." And 14-year-old Fallowfield could not sleep nights.

The Nickersons each received a card, from Margaret, who was 16, down to Becky, who was 8, but, alas! they were all in the condition of Miss Flora McFlimsy—one has not the heart to speak lightly of it, it has spoiled so much innocent pleasure, caused so much real suffering—they "had nothing to wear." Even the Sunday cashmeres had to be worn to school that winter, and Dolly's—Dolly was the tomboy—had a darn that showed.

The apple-pie was great-grandmother Dorothy Wynne's brocade silk dress. Sweet little, tired-out Mother Nickerson brought it down from the attic. The girls had not known there was anything left; the mother had kept it secret, *her* mother had thought so much of it.

It was beautiful—dark green, with a tiny brocaded flower in bright colors.

Mother Nickerson looked at her pretty, tall slip of a Margaret. Of course, they all knew—five sinking hearts—that Margaret was the one to go.

Margaret gave a little gasp of delight and then shut her lips firmly.

"It's so skimpy, there isn't enough to make a dress for me!" she said.

The little mother's eyes met hers. They understood each other—always preferring others, both of them.

"We couldn't get dresses for the twins out of it, could we? They've had such a hard time with the measles," murmured Margaret. "And how it would suit Penelope's light locks!"

"And I haven't been to singing school or anywhere," said Kate, with deep feeling.

"Kate has had to stay at home," said Margaret, "and Dolly does love a party so, and she is just Perley Beck's age."

"We might have it made into two slips to wear over white, if our old white muslins were not impossible," said Constance.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Helen, who was the wise one of the twins. "We must draw lots, and whoever gets it must not try to make anyone else take it."

Mother Nickerson held six little slips of paper in her hand. One had a "B" on it for brocade. They drew in the order of their ages, and Dolly drew the prize. Dolly gave a long sigh.

"It won't be much fun when all the rest of you have to stay at home," she said.

But a party was a party to Dolly, and they all, even Kate made such a successful pretence of not caring, and were so gay over the plans and suggestions that were for the making of the dress, that Dolly could hardly help forgetting everything but the delightful time she was going to have.

Mother Nickerson said they must have Miss Tritchem, the Fallowfield dressmaker, to cut and plan; she would be willing to take her pay in eggs. Much planning was necessary, for great-grandmother Dorothy Wynne's dress was skimpy, and was large for fourteen.

Dolly ran joyfully down the hill—it was up or down hill everywhere in Fallowfield—to Miss Twitchem's shop that very afternoon. Haste was necessary; Perley Beck had been only able to send out her invitations a few days before hand because her friends' visit was to be brief.

Dolly went down boy-fashion on Jimmy Jackson's double runner and drew little lame Joey McGinness up. She came up on air and wouldn't have known that she was drawing any weight, for Miss Tritchem had shown her a fashion-plate with the prettiest dress imaginable for a girl of her age, which she was sure she could contrive to make out of the green brocade.

Perley Beck and her city friends would see that there was some "style" in Fallowfield and Tilly Dowd could not toss her head.

At the top of the hill she came upon little Hetty Plum, with her hands clasped before her in a despairing way, her red mittens swinging forlornly by their strings and six tears swelling down her cheeks. Old Mrs. Grimsby had taken Hetty Plum from the Hardscrabble poor house and had declared her intention of "doing well by her if she proved nothing."

"What's the matter, Hetty Plum?" called Dolly across the snowy road.

"I've been careless again, orfle careless; worn'n the chiny teapot this time, and she said if I was one more time she'd send me back to the poorhouse! And she will; she ain't one that don't mean it, Miss Grimsby ain't!"

"What have you done?" asked Dolly, sympathetically. Dolly knew what it was to get into "scrapes" by reason of carelessness.

"She sent me down to Hardscrabble to carry some pieces of patchwork. The minister's is goin' off and they're makin' a silk bed quilt to give her. Miss Grimsby sent the squares because she used to know her. There was six squares of green silk as big as that!" Hetty Plum measured, pathetically from the tip of her small, frosty forefinger to her small, sharp elbow.

"I went through the woods road," she continued. "'Twas splendid on the crust; and I see a rabbit; he was so nigh me I could most grab him, and thinks I he's tame. He ran when I began to try to catch him and I ran after him. First I knew my bundle was all in my hand, and it wa'n't anything but paper and string. Every one of the silk pieces had dropped out. I've been huntin' ever since and I ain't found one. I ran into the bushes, you see, and it's kind of windy, too. And now it's comin' on dark and I've got to go home and tell her I've lost 'em. And she said she wouldn't cut up that green silk for anything in the world but just the minister's wife's quilt. Seems as if I couldn't bear to go back to that poorhouse." The frozen tear-drops on Hetty's forlorn little face were being rapidly displaced by hot ones.

Dolly had listened without a word. Joey McGinness had gone limping off homeward, and she had not known it. She did not know that she had taken Hetty's half-frozen hands and was chafing them in her warm ones; such a struggle was going on in her impetuous soul! Dolly did love a party, as Margaret said, and with such a dress on as that for all the girls to see who knew her in darned out-grown and cloudy dresses!

"Come into the house, Hetty!" she said, and Hetty went, forseeing only a respite.

"Mother! girls! all of you listen!" Dolly poured forth the pitiful little tale of Hetty's woes, "It's mine, isn't it? the green silk? or, if any of you want it—"

"No, it's yours; that was the agreement," said Mother Nickerson, and "it's yours," they all echoed heartily, even Kate. Dolly set Hetty Plum up at the table with a great pair of scissors and unfolded the shining breadths before her.

"There! cut the squares just as nearly the same as you can. Stay! you show me and I'll cut, you are trembling so." For little Hetty Plum wanted to sob for joy, and in spite of her effort to control herself her small frame shook.

Snip! snip! went the scissors in Dolly's firm hand.

"It isn't 5 o'clock yet, although it is so dark. We'll go down to Hardscrabble on Jimmy Jackson's sled, you and I, Hetty; down three hills and up two, and there we are! We shall be back again before Mrs. Grimsby thinks you've been gone much too long!"

And Hetty showed like magic, a sound April face instead of one that had been as long as a face in a spoon.

* * * * * * *

"Not coming? Why, you really must come, every one of you! There are not so many girls in Fallowfield that you can be spared!" It was Perley Beck who had stopped at the door, in a little Russian sleigh with red cockades, at dusk on the very evening of her party.

"You needn't stop to dress, you know. Did Lucy Fifield forget to tell you, as I asked her to, that I wanted all the girls, as a favor, to wear their dark woolen dresses? You see I want to have a candy pull and a dance in the barn; city girls have plenty of dress parties, so I want my friends to have some real country fun. You will come, won't you?"

Come! Of course they would, every one of them. And in all the merry evening Dolly didn't once remember her darn!

Why Lincoln Raised a Beard.

President Lincoln's kind heart always responded to a child's advances. He indulged his own children, saying, "It is my pleasure that my children are free and happy, and unrestrained by parental tyranny. Love is the chain whereby to bind a child to its parents."

Before his election in 1860 a little girl of 11 years, seeing his lithograph portrait, thought his appearance would be improved should he wear whiskers. She uttered her childish thought in a letter to Mr. Lincoln, and in a few days received a friendly answer, in which he asked:

"As to the whiskers, as I have never worn any, do you not think the people would call it a piece of silly affectation were I to begin wearing them now?"

During his journey to Washington, after his election to the Presidency, the train stopped at Westfield, Chautauqua county, at which place the little girl resided.

"I have a correspondent in this place," said Mr. Lincoln, "a little girl whose name is Grace Bedell, and I would like to see her."

She was brought to the station. He stepped from the cars, extended his hand, and said: "You see I have let those whiskers grow for you, Grace." Then kissing her, he bade her goodbye.

When he stood up at the Capitol to deliver his inaugural address, friends were surprised to see that the President was raising a crop of whiskers. Vexed at his spoiling a face which expressed power and pathos by wearing a coarse, stiff, ungraceful beard of the blacking-brush variety, they made inquiries and learned that he had ceased to shave to gratify a very young lady.

Converted by the Angelus.

A touching incident bearing upon the sentiment of the "Angelus" picture has not found its way into print, though it is more than a quarter a century old. Two naval surgeons, friends, were once walking in the streets of Lima, when they came upon two men engaged in a furious fight. Suddenly the Angelus bell rang; custom prevailed over passion and the combatants fell on their knees. The prayer conquered. When they rose each turned and went his way; they could not finish their fight.

One of the witnesses was so impressed by this proof of the power of prayer that his thoughts took a serious and devout turn; he ended by embracing the Catholic faith—the religion of the Angelus. These friends were soon separated; and after long years had passed, one of them, entered a Cathedral in a European city, saw his old comrade partaking of the communion. His mind at once reverted to the scene in the streets of Lima and the Angelus. The thrall of the past, the influence of the present hour, was alike mighty, and he, too, became a convert to the Catholic faith.

Now, both of these naval surgeons are with the dead, and when Millet's "Angelus" became world renowned, the son of one of them bought an engraving of it as sacred relic of a beloved parent; through it, he "being dead, yet speaketh."

Energy and Luck.

When my business partner came home from the war, in which he had gallantly commanded a battery, he had neither breeches, home nor money. His wife cut up a woolen dress she had worn for many years and made a pair of breeches. Gathering odds and ends from the ruins of Atlanta, he built a shanty, of which love made a home. His father gave him a five dollar gold piece, of which ingenuity made capital. In three years he had built a $1,500 home, in eight years a $6,000 home. He now has a $60,000 suburban home and is well worth over $225,000. His life is an epitome of the south in 1885—its swift energy, its cheerful heroism, its shrewd knack of turning something from nothing, its stages of growth, and its present prosperity.

A Neat Compliment.

Auber, who was chapel master at the Tuileries under the second empire, was a confirmed bachelor. One evening, as the Empress Eugenie was chatting with him, she asked if he never had regretted remaining unmarried. "Never, madame," replied the witty old man, "and less than ever now, when I think that Mme. Auber would be nearly 80 years old."

REPENTANCE is generally considered a weakness, but nothing is more indicative of strength.

Even-Song.

Hush thee, my baby, to rest!
Fear not the night shadows, dear,
Angels fond vigils are keeping,
While little starlets are peeping,
And my sweet baby is sleeping,
Safe in her warm little nest.

Baby is tired with play;
Mother is weary, love, too.
After the day's labor endeth,
God from his throne of love bendeth,
And, in his mercy, night sendeth,
Giving new strength for the day.

Sleep, little darling, so mild!
Fainter the tender voice falls;
Lullabies blend with her dreaming,
Sweeter and holier seeming,
While the soft moonlight is streaming
Over the mother and child.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

I am getting rather old, and live more in the past than in the future, but I have knocked about so much, and met with so many strange adventures during my life, that this must be my excuse for the love I have of every now and then taking up a pen and jotting down some of my recollections, when I seem in a manner to live my life over again.

I was always of a roving disposition, and could never rest very long in one place, so that I have visited most parts of the habitable globe. I hate plans and arrangements made long beforehand, and I generally act on the spur of the moment.

About twenty years ago I suddenly left London in the height of the season on one of these unpremeditated voyages. I was weary of the eternal round of London life, with its dinner parties, dances and drums, and so determined to be off at once, not caring much where to, so long as I had a change.

Four days afterward I found myself in Genoa.

While lounging about I came across a lot of rough-looking Italian sailors dressed in blue jerseys and jelly bag scarlet caps. They particularly attracted me, for, being a bit of an artist, I have an eye for color, so I stood watching them for a minute or two, while they were talking eagerly together, and I caught the words Garibaldi and Caprera. I said before that I am given to sudden impulses. One of these seized me. Why not go and visit this hero in his island home? True, I did not know him personally, but I had always heard that he liked Englishmen and received them hospitably.

I approached the group and wished them a "Buona serra;" then, addressing myself to a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a long, shaggy, black beard, I asked him if he knew of any ship sailing for Caprera and willing to take a passenger.

The man I had addressed, after looking at me and then at his companion, said: "Ah, signor, it would be a difficult matter to find a ship going to Caprera, for there is but little trade with the island, and it is rather out of the way for coasting vessel. Im only a common sailor, but here is the 'padrone' Bartolo. He is the owner of a felucca which trades between Genoa and Leghorn. He may perhaps be able to tell the signor what he asks. Eh, Bartolo, what do you say?"

Bartolo, thus addressed, came up to me with his hands in his trousers pockets and a pipe in his mouth. He was a short, wiry-looking man, with a black mustache, and a dirty unshaven face. He had a most evil expression of countenance, with a squint in his right eye, and when he intended to smile he seemed rather to frown. Altogether he was about as untaking looking an individual as ever I met.

I repeated my question to him.

"Well," he said, "I don't often go to Caprera, for it isn't worth my while, but to-morrow night I am sailing for Leghorn, and as times are bad, if the Signor likes to make some arrangements with me and my cousin, who goes with me, we might manage to have our regular course and land the Signor on the island, but I must first consult with him, as he is part owner of the craft."

The plan seemed as if it might answer, so I sent him off for his cousin to a neighboring wine shop, and they soon returned together.

"Well, here is Antonio," said Bartolo. "He thinks that we might 'accomodate' with the Signor. True, it is but a short journey of twelve or fourteen hours, so that a little discomfort will not much matter, especially as, this chance lost, it may be some time before another presents itself. Of course the Signor understands that we are poor men, and shall require some good inducements to make us lose time by going out of our way, but if the Signor will pay us 100 lire (£4) down, and give us a small 'buona mano' on arrival, we will take him."

It was now getting late, so we separated, on the understanding that I was to meet Bartolo at the same place in the morning at 8o'clock.

I was there at the appointed hour and found him waiting for me. His cousin, he said, had gone on board and was getting things in order, as they were to sail that evening.

I stepped on board and was shown to my cabin, if such it could be called. It was in the forepart of the ship, and close to the mast. I entered it through a narrow, dark hatchway, and down a ladder of six or seven steps, and when I got to the bottom, I had to bend almost double, as it was simply a square box about four feet high and six feet wide. There were three separate hatchways. In the middle one they were storing away the cargo, and the one aft was used by the crew.

At 6 o'clock sharp we left the harbor, with a fair wind; it was a beautiful evening, not a cloud was to be seen, and soon after dark a glorious moon rose out of the sea. I sat on deck smoking my cigar and enjoying the tranquility of the scene, while being fanned by the soft sea breeze.

The crew consisted of Bartolo, his cousin, the tall man called Beppo and a boy called Gigi.

For Italians they were not a sociable lot. I tried several times to get into conversation but they seemed ratifer to avoid me, and continually whispered to each other in a mysterious way. This somewhat disquieted my mind and I could not help reflecting that I had perhaps done a foolish thing intrusting myself to their tender mercies. No one knew of my expedition. I had paid them in advance, and they were sailing out of their course to please me. What was to prevent them from murdering me and throwing me overboard, and then continuing their regular journey without any one being the wiser.

I am not nervous, nor do I believe in presentiment, but the longer I sat there the more would these lugubrious thoughts creep over me, until, feeling rather chilly, I went down to my cabin.

I tossed about but could not sleep; the more I thought it over the more risky did my position seem, for, as I said before, no one knew where I was.

I had been lying down about an hour when I saw the shadows of two men reflected on the sail. I strained my eyes and ears. They were talking in low tones, but I caught the words "Dorme," then "Sara presto finito." What could this mean if it did not refer to me? They were evidently preparing to murder me in my sleep, and my worst fears were about to be confirmed. A cold sweat covered my brow, and I seized my revolver, determined to sell my life dearly. The shadows had now moved away. All was still. I stepped out of my bunk, and taking my life-preserver in my right hand and the revolver in my left I sat in a crouching position to await events.

Oh, the agony of these moments! I could neither stand or sit, and I dreaded that before long I should be seized with cramp; yet it was imperative that I should keep quite still, if I wished to take my assailants at a disadvantage.

It was not very long before the shadows on the sail again reappeared, and this time I noticed that one of them was armed with a long kitchen knife. The thought of the cold steel made me shudder, and my heart stopped beating for a moment. I felt my revolver to assure myself that it was all right, and then saw that the hatchway was darkened. I had no time for further thought.

One of the men was coming down the steps into my cabin. I could see him distinctly, but I was in the dark, so he was unable to see me. I noticed a gleam of steel in his hand, and the second man was following close behind him. Now was my time. I brought back my right arm for a good cut at him with the life preserver, as soon as he should come within reach. A second later I had felled him with a fearful blow on the temple. I rushed over his prostrate form, and fired my revolver at the second figure, now retreating up the steps. He uttered a cry of pain and an oath, showing that I had hit him, but still he ran on.

I followed quickly, rushed up the hatchway and again fired at him, just as he was picking up a crowbar. This time he fell on the deck, and I now saw the third man and the boy, thoroughly scared, making for the further hatchway. In a moment, I made up my mind what to do. I followed them, and having with difficulty placed the heavy lid on the hatch, proceeded to cover it with everything I could lay hands on, on the deck. Luckily there was some pig iron lying about, and with these and various articles on the top of them I was sure that they were safe prisoners.

I now had to look to the other men to see that they were incapable of doing further mischief.

The one I had shot on deck was Bartolo. My two bullets had taken effect, one in the left arm and the other in the leg. I drew him to the side of the ship and lashed him there with some rope, and I told him that if he attempted to get loose I should shoot him dead; then, looking into my cabin, I saw Antonio lying where he fell.

I repeated my tactics of covering up the hatchway to prevent his getting out, and then went to the tiller, thoroughly exhausted after all I had been through, both physically and mentally, but most thankful for my narrow escape.

Soon, however, I saw that if I got out of one danger, it was only to fall into another. I knew nothing of navigation, and was not even aware in which direction to steer. I might run the ship to ground, or a sudden squall might swamp her. I did not know how to shorten sail and was afraid to interfere with the ropes.

I thought of calling the man and boy out of the hold and threatening to shoot them if they did not navigate the ship properly, but I myself felt so tired that I did not dare trust them in case I should fall asleep.

On the whole, it was better to leave myself in the hands of Providence.

Oh! the dreariness of those houre of darkness, and the joy with wich I hailed the first streak of dawn!

I was beginning thoroughly to despair after so many hours of constant watching and straining of my eyes, when about 8 o'clock I saw a speck on the horizon. My heart leaped with excitement as I instantly turned the helm in that direction. The speck grew bigger and bigger, until at last I made out the form of a brig sailing toward me. Soon I could make out a flag—the American Stars and Stripes. I tied my handkerchief to a stick and made signals of distress.

At last to my joy she hove to and lowered a boat. In a few minutes she was alongside, and an officer and crew boarded the felucca.

She sudden relief to my strained nerves was almost more than I could bear, and it was some seconds before I spoke.

There was an expression of horror on the men's faces as they looked round on the scene of bloodshed, the wounded men and then scanned my face for an explanation. Did they take me for a madman or a common murderer?

At last I found my voice. They crowed eagerly round me to listen to my story, and when I had finished all congratulated me on my narrow escape.

The officer, who was the captain of the brig, hospitably invited me on board his ship. He was sailing to Marseilles and would gladly give me a passage. Needless to say, I jumped at his offer.

We removed the covering from the hold and called on the men to come up, but could get no answer.

The captain was in a hurry to continue his course and would not wait any longer.

As I was stepping into the boat I asked him what we should do about the felucca and its crew.

"Well, stranger," he answered, "you're well out of it, anyhow, and I guess we'll now let them alone, to go to the devil their own way, and the sooner they get there the better.

I never heard anything more of them. I went straight back to England, and it was some months before I left home again.—

A STRANGE MOUNT.

A Queer Peak in Arizona that the Apaches Fight Shy of.

Some twenty odd miles due east from Phœnix, the capital of Arizona Territory, rises abruptly the Superstition Mountain, which forms a very prominent landmark, as it can be seen for a long distance in any direction.

On the summit of Superstition Mountain and at the extreme Western edge, overlooking the rocky bluffs, 200 and 300 feet in height, are the ruins of an old stone fort, such as are frequently found in Arizona at points where a good view of the surrounding country is afforded, says the San Francisco *Examiner*. About an acre of land, or rather rock, is within this inclosure. In this connection, and as the name of the mountain would indicate, is an Indian legend, and the place is held even at the present time in a degree of veneration and awe by the tribes of that section of Arizona so great as to prevent any of their members hunting on or visiting it.

In the fall of 1883, P. C. Bicknell, who still resides in Phœnix and who is a thoroughly educated gentleman, with a taste for roaming through the mountains and a penchant for archæological research, paid a visit to a friend—a cattle man residing on the Salt river—for the purpose of enjoying a brief period of recreation in hunting, fishing and the pursuit of his studies in nature. It occurred to him one day to visit the summit of Superstition Mountain, which, although four or five miles distant, could easily be accomplished before night. Taking his rifle and a canteen of water, Mr. Bicknell set out, and after a long walk and a laborious climb reached his objective point in the afternoon.

He saw nothing remarkable within the inclosure of the fallen walls. Some stone axes, hammers and broken pieces of pottery were scattered about, but as they were of the usual patterns found in all Arizona ruins they did not arouse especial interest. In one corner of the old fort, and nearly covered with fallen rock, he encountered a rude furnace, evidently used for the smelting of ores. Anxious to discover the use of what metal the prehistoric inhabitants had knowledge, he set about removing the stones. The work was very tedious and laborious, and, being absorbed with interest, he paid no attention to the flight of time. Finally he was rewarded by securing a piece of slag and also a specimen of ore which had not been subjected to treatment, and was surprised to find that the mineral was copper. Having settled this matter to the satisfaction of his own mind, Mr. Bicknell arose and cast a look to the west to discover that the sun was then sinking behind the range of distant mountains.

This did not disturb him much, however, so he built a fire, roasted a rabbit which he had killed on his way up and made such preparations as were possible to spend the night comfortably on the mountain. After sundown the atmosphere became quite sultry; and, as there was every indication of a thunderstorm Mr. Bicknell concluded that he would not remain within the walls of the old fort, as the rain was liable to drive from the loose rocks rattlesnakes, centipedes and poisonous insects of various kinds. Therefore he selected for his sleeping-place a remarkably smooth rock, about twenty yards in front of the east wall. Putting his hobnail shoes under his head for a pillow, Mr. Bicknell, somewhat exhausted from his long stroll and excitement, soon fell into a deep sleep.

Some time afterward he was suddenly awakened by a sharp electric shock, which seemed to pass from the back of his neck downward. Managing to scramble to his feet, he ran some distance to the east, and, looking back to his sleeping place, was surprised to see a living line of fire or lightning running across the mountain, from north to south. Never having seen "ground lightning" before, Mr. Bicknell was very naturally awe stricken and astounded, but he was more than surprised, when, recovering from his bewilderment, he noticed that the electric storm had not passed over the mountain, but was as distant, apparently, as when he first lay down. The phenomenon lasted but a few moments, but its duration was sufficient for the explorer.

Upon returning to the camp next morning, Mr. Bicknell related his experience, which was received with evident incredulity. However, he induced one of the men to accompany him to the mountain a few days afterward. They reached the summit about noon, and the weather was very warm. The men were standing upon the smooth spot which Bicknell had selected for a couch and he was explaining about his shock, when, with simultaneous impulse, they both sprang forward and gazed into each other's faces in mute interrogation. Subsequent explanation showed that each had experienced a well-defined electric shock, as though by a light current from a galvanic battery. Mr. Bicknell at once concluded that he would solve the mystery, and set about doing so, although his companion was most anxious to leave the dreaded spot. The investigation then began, and, subsequently completed, led to the following discoveries:

On the north side of the precipice was a large dyke of pyritous iron, running east and west, and on its south wall the mineral appeared in the form of protosulphates, what is commonly known as copperas. In the latter there was a small, irregularly-shaped hole, several feet in depth, into which water was slowly sipping from a small spring on a slight eminence some yards distant. This water was strongly impregnated with salt. From this pot hole, and extending across the mountain top were a number of small veins or stringers of copper ore, almost pure in their native state, which terminated, to all appearances, in a heavy ledge of calcspar, bearing galena and a small percentage of gold running parallel with the copper lead, but on the opposite brink of the bluff.

The copper stringers connecting the ledges were evidently what is known in prospectors' parlance as a "blow out" and rested on malpais—a kind of glassy slag produced by vulcanic heat. Here was a positive and negative pole, connected with a good electric conductor, and a chemical decomposition taking place that would produce a strong battery. With a jar of the copper stringers, produced by atmospheric electrical disturbances or a number of persons stepping upon them, why might not a current be induced sufficiently strong as to become destructive to animal life? But simply the facts are given, and the scientific reader is at liberty to evolve his own theories.

PERSONAL.

Madame Bashkirtseff, the mother of Marie (whose journal has attracted the admiring attention of Mr. Gladstone and other eminent people), is still living in Paris, surrounded by mementos of her gifted child, in the same house on the Rue L'Ampere, Although Marie died in 1884, her mother's grief is still fresh, and she can think of nothing and talk of nothing but the bright young life that burned itself out, just when it was nearest realizing its longings.

The story that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has lost her reason is positively denied. She is 76 years old now, and while her mind is not as clear as it was, and while she cannot write with the vigor of her prime, she cannot be called demented. She lives largely in the past, but a word from any one will bring her back to the present. Mrs. Stowe is carefully cared for by her twin daughters, who live with her, and her property interests are in the hands of her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe.

Wilkie Collins directed in his will that he should be buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, at a cost not exceeding $125, that no scarfs or hatbands should be used, and that a plain stone cross to be placed over his grave should bear only the inscription which he had prepared.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, has obtained the permission of the Emperor William II. to have a copy made of the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden Gallery. The only condition the emperor imposed was that he should name the artist to do the work. In speaking of her plans for the university at Palo Alto, which will probably be opened next fall, Mrs. Stanford expressed herself strongly in favor of a practical education for men and women. She said that there were now at least six men employed as conductors on the Market Street line in San Francisco who had graduated from Yale and Harvard.

When Patrick Hogan, a shoe manufacturer of Newark, New Jersey, failed in 1881, his daughter Elizabeth, who was forewoman of his shop, settled with his creditors for twenty cents on the dollar, and assumed the business in her own name. She kept her father and brother with her, and the business prospered. Her father died, leaving $15,000 insurance money and a request that the remaining eighty per cent. of his indebtedness be paid. Thiss Miss Hogan determined to do, and she has done it, expending $42,002.32 for that purpose. She had handsomely engraved receipts made, and when they were all signed they were bound in book form, to be kept in honor of her father's memory.

Margaret Oliphant, the tireless producer of novels, biographies, histories and editions of foreign classics, is sixty-one years old and an enthusiastic lover of her native land.

What One Woman Did.

Several years ago, Miss Beilby, a young English woman, who had studied medicine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow, in India, was sent for by the wife of the native Prince of Punna, who was ill. Punna was a long distance from Lucknow, and the journey was a dangerous one; if Miss Beilby went, she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man.

Her friends urged her to refuse. The Englishwoman was young and timid, but she knew her duty; she went, remaining two months, and cured the patient. When she was about to return, the Ranee sent for her and begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian women, not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, died in great numbers every year for want of care. The Ranee brought paper, pen and ink, and, with tears, besought Miss Beilby to write her petition to the Queen to send to them women doctors.

"Write it small, Saheba," she begged, "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck, and you must wear it until you put it in the hands of the great Ranee herself."

Miss Beilby returned to England the next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket in her hands with the message. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India.

Many women doctors have been sent out by the association, and Indian women are now being educated as physicians and nurses. An estate of fifty acres, with large buildings, has been given by a native prince as a hospital for Hindoo female patients.

Had the timid missionary refused to undertake the perilous duty to one woman, these great blessings—which are but the beginning of help and hope for all the women of India—probably never would have come to them.

Sow the seed, however small it be, of good deeds. Only God knows what the fruit will be.

—Jockey Bergen rode one second and five winners at Guttenburg.

—When that queen among brood mares, Green Mountain Maid, died it was resolved by Mr. Charles Backman that an appropriate monument should be erected to her memory. W. R. Allen, the owner of the great Allen Stock Farm, Pittsfield, Mass., who owns two of the great mare's foals, Lancelot and Elista, had the stone prepared in Missouri, and the formal dedication took place at Stony Ford recently. The monument is twenty-six feet high, of red Missouri granite, and is beautifully polished at the base. Among those present were David Bonner, A. A. Bonner, Colonel Lawrence Kip, A. Newbald Morris, Charles H. Kerner, A. C. Hall, J. F. Dawson and Colonel W. Edwards, of Cleveland. Mr. Backman gave a dinner to the visitors at which many distinguished gentlemen and admirers of the trotting horse were present.

FASHION NOTES.

Very pretty costumes are now displayed for afternoon receptions. The dresses have straight skirts with small trains: the closing of the corsage is concealed in an invisible manner, sometimes on one side under the fold of the drapery, sometimes on the shoulder or under the arm, by hooks or small buttons.

A very new and original dress, with embroidery, has received the name of Buffalo Bill. It is not difficult to imagine what the costume is, for it recalls exactly the bizarre ornaments which the celebrated Colonel Cody wore upon his fur jacket. They were slashed leather fringes and bands of leather placed along the length of the sleeves, and upon the edge of the garment. Here, we find the same idea reproduced by our manufacturers, but in a more delicate style. It is an application of cut leather encircled by fine soutache and bordered by a fringe of the same material, cut just as one cuts paper fringe. The dress is in biscuit cloth and the leather in green-jade. As for the fringe, it is cut at the same time in the leather, and in the cloth which is placed beneath. The corsage gathered slightly at the waist is of one piece with the skirt; it is closed on the shoulder, and the edges are concealed under ornaments placed in front of the armholes, making a Turkish vest. In reality, the corsage is fastened under the front, by the lining, and the plastron is put on afterwards. The back breadths are of cloth, quite straight, forming two large full plaits. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with the same trimming as the corsage.

This is an extremely pretty dress for visits of ceremony, and with a jacket of matelasse, with otter sleeves, the toilette is really elegant. A large visiting cloak is of *aubergine*, egg plant colored, cloth with cameo velvet applique. The style is that of a straight redingote with a small plastron of velvet lightly draped. Trimming of applique velvet surrounds the neck and edges the plastron, then descends in a serpentine form almost to the bottom of the skirt. The same designs are placed on the back, on each side and on the top of the plaits. The sleeves are Jewish in form with ample fullness on the shoulders. They are supported only from the shoulder, and fall quite straight. If desired an ordinary close sleeve can be added to this garment by joining them to the armhole of the waist by a series of hooks.

Under this redingote a dress of black velvet is worn trimmed on the bottom with beautiful jet embroidery. It is quite interesting to place beside these visiting toilettes, and toilettes for five o'clock teas, a reception dress in *infiniline Ophelie* trimmed with rich black guipure. The drapings of both corsage and tablier are held by knots of satin ribbon, similar knots are also placed on the flat collar of guipure, and the elbow sleeves which are finished by a flounce of the same lace.

The back is finished with a long, supple train.

Jewels are worn more than ever, and with all toilettes. Everything seems to be transformed into jewels; the bottle of smelling salts has a cat's eye surrounded with brilliants for a stopper; the long, gold chain from which the muff is suspended, is ornamented with lapis-lazzuli and pearls; the pocket-mirror is encased in gold or fluted silver; the little purse is of gold, the pretty side combs have their edges encircled with brilliants or pearls, also the buckles for garters, the corset hooks, the pins, of all forms, which hold the hair or hat, without mentioning the bracelets, ear-rings, brooches, etc. A new jewel very elegant and pretty is the little brooch with chains, which is attached to the collar of the dress, and from which the watch is suspended. This is the last novelty of the moment.

CHEVALIER SCOVEL.

He is a Fine Singer as Well as a Brave Man.

Chevalier Scovel is one of the best known of the many tenors on the American operatic stage. His success during the past year, while a member of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, has proved his right to be considered of the foremost, vocally and dramatically, in the United States.

Scovel first came into celebrity as the leading tenor of the late Carl Rosa's company in Great Britain, and as such created the difficult role of Lohengrin in English.

He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, not by favor, but because of gallantry and bravery. One day while riding in the Bois de Boulogne, the fashionable and famous public drive of the Parisians, he rescued the wife of President MacMahon from a perilous situation. The team attached to the landau in which the lady was riding became unmanageable, and having thrown the coachman from his box, started through the maze of vehicles at a break neck pace. Scovel, who happened to be in the park at the time mounted on horseback, galloped along beside them and at an opportune moment threw himself from his saddle upon the back of the nearest horse. After a hard struggle with the infuriated animal he succeeded in stopping the team and averting a serious disaster. As a result of his bravery he was made a chevalier.

The chevalier is connected by marriage with one of the most aristocratic families in New York, and is very popular on account of his personal qualities and brilliant ability intellectually and artistically. In the roles of Edgardo in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and of Marnico in "Il Travatore," he is exceptionally good.

Scovel received his musical education from the great Lamperti, in Italy, with whom he studied for six years.

He—"I don't see why there should be no marriage or giving in marriage in Heaven!"

She—"Probably because there won't be any men there."

She knew her business.—Lady (in intelligence office)—"Have you ever minded children before?"

Nurse—"No, mum, but I've made many a child mind me."

HORSE NOTES.

—Robert Steel purchased Antevolo for $18,000 and sold him for $35,000.

—The Cleveland track is being improved at a cost of $2000.

—Mutuals on old Monto Cristo at Clifton recently paid $116.85 for $2.

—The Driving Club of New York has renewed the lease of Fleetwood track.

—The famous English jockey, F. Barrett, has gone to Buenos Ayres for for a short stay.

—Will Cody, record 1.19½, one of the best sons of Blue Bell, died recentiy in Iowa.

—Jockey Isaac Murphy was recently initiated into a colored lodge of Masons at Lexington.

—President Dwyer, of the Brooklyn Jockey Club, left for Florida for a stay of two months.

—Ansel is advertised to make the season of 1890 at Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown and the fee is $200.

—Ed. Bither has accepted the position of trainer at the Valensin Stock Farm in California.

—Three hundred and fifteen horses sold at Tattersall's last great sale brought $477,100, average of $1520.

—H. N. Smith, of Fashion Stud Farm, has been confined to his bed for nine months as the result of a runaway accident.

—There is no heat racing in Australia. They call it "barbarous system" there, but they have plenty of two and three-mile dashes.

—An extraordinary and fatal malady has appeared among horses in Lincolnshire, England, and no cause for it or explanation of its nature has been discovered.

—Maryland is fast becoming noted for its well-bred horses, a number of stock farms having been started in different sections of the State. The soil is well adapted for grazing purposes.

—Darby, record 2.16½, was started as a ringer under the name of June in a slow class on Long Island last season, but did not win. He struck himself, came near being distanced, and was drawn.

—George D. Wetherill, Clearview Farm, Del., has sold to Robert Steel for $1750, the bay mare Ruby Wilkes, 3 years old, by Red Wilkes, dam Nook's Clay, by American Clay.

—The New Orleans track is making money, but suspicious riding and jobbing continues to crop out. The purses average $125 each.

—The pool bill introduced recently at Albany will cut away all the technicalities set up by the city room keepers and drive them out of business.

—Theodore Winter's two-year-olds are being worked in the West. It is reported that El Rio Rey's brother, Rey Del Rey, has been beaten repeatedly in trials.

—The Australian book-makers were hit hard by the success of Bravo for the Melbourne Cup. The horse's trainer won $10,000 and received a third of the horse's winnings.

—The police made several raids on pool rooms in New York recently, and although the keepers were released when taken before a justice, more arrests followed.

—The trouble between "Snapper" Garrison, the jockey, and his father-in-law, William McMahon, has been amicably settled out of Court, and the latter will have full control of the horses in dispute.

—The trotting gelding Oakland Boy, record, 2.41¼, arrived recently in Baltimore, having been shipped from Paris, France, where he has been used on the road by his owner, Mr. Latrobe. It is said that the gelding has shown much speed, and that his owner concluded to return the horse to America and have him trained by "Dod" Irwin who went to Baltimore for the animal.

—Fifty horses, the get of imp. Rayon d'Or, started 711 times last season, finishing first 119 times, second 110 times, third 107 times, and winning $187,372. Chaos, with $63,550, heads the list, and Tenny with $38,310, Tea Tray with $11,640, and Bronzamarte with $10,385, follow in order.

—While in California, David Bonner made an offer for a chestnut filly dropped in 1887 by Woolsey, brother of Sunol, 2.10½, out of Belle, by Kentucky Prince, and recently he received a letter from Senator Stanford accepting the offer, and the filly will come East in the spring with Ansel.

—The Central New York Horse Breeders' Association at a recent meeting decided to hold the annual meeting at Kirkwood Park, Syracuse, and to hang up $5000 in purses. The following officers were elected: President, J. W. Day, Waterloo; First Vice President, J. W. Pendergast, Phœnix; Second Vice President, H. A. Moyer, Syracuse; Secretary, H. L. Leonard, M. D., Syracuse; Treasurer, Eugene Smith, Syracuse.

—With Kingston, Firenzi, Tenny, Hanover, Salvator, Britannic, Geraldine, Volunteer, Prince Royal, Badge, Blue Rock, Coacksman, Proctor Knott, Los Angeles, Come-to-Taw, Belle d'Or, Tipstaff and exactly 100 others on his hands, the adjustor of the Westchester Toboggan Slide Handicap, at three-quarters of a mile, will have something to keep him busy for a week. The New York Jockey Club did wisely in giving the sprinters a chance.

—Crit Davis is building at the Harrodsburg (Ky.) Fair Grounds a miniature track nearly one-eighth of a mile in length, upon which he expects to try a new course of training with the youngsters. As soon as the weather will permit he will turn the yearlings and green 2-year-olds loose upon the track without a particle of harness on them, driving them before him on a horse. He will shortly, after seeing their gaits—which this treatment will encourage them to develop—be enabled to select those he thinks it will pay to train. He will then break them to harness.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JAN. 30.

There is no Store

In Bellefonte just like

"THE RACKET."

Goods different. Styles different. Way of doing business different.

It has been a lively business from the start.

My old customers and kind friends at Woodward and Spring Mills can probably tell you the reason

WHY?

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Dr. G. W. Hosterman is attending court this week as a grand juror.

——There is still a big crop of grip in this county for the doctors. 'Tis an ill wind, etc.

——Hud Love, formerly of our town, is erecting a new dwelling house for himself at State College.

——Rev. Vought is having a protracted meeting in the Evangelical church. May he bring many to conversion.

——Prof. Rothrock will remove his family from Boalsburg to this place in the spring and will occupy the house belonging to Mr. Kerlin.

— The next census will show up a population of 46,000 for Centre county, and thereafter we will be big enough to get along without associate judges.

— Dr. Gast, of Mifflinburg, the eye and ear specialist, was here this week. In the treatment of diseases coming under this head, he is having remarkable success.

——The management of the Williams Grove picnic are endeavoring to have Centre county's marksman C. K. Sober, give daily exhibitions of his skill next season.

——D. J. Meyer left on Wednesday morning for Pardoe, Mercer county, his brother, Dr. George, in that place, being seriously ill with pneumonia, superinduced by an attack of grip.

——The funeral of Calvin Meyer, of whose untimely death we made mention in our last issue, took place on Friday last at Boalsburg. and was one of the largest held in that vicinity for many years.

——A new toll gate has been erected on the pike between Penn Hall and Spring Mills. It will sound queer to the folks of Penn Hall to hear some one call, "Toll" as they go to and from the railroad station.

——Mrs. Musser, widow of Daniel Musser, of Boalsburg, died on Friday last, after a lingering illness, of dropsy. She was the mother of Mrs. Dr. Jacobs, of this place. Her funeral on Sunday was very largely attended.

——Winter paid us a visit last week, but remained only about four days—from Tuesday until Saturday, when it took its departure, rain and mud again taking a front seat. Well, if it means to rain, let it rain, is about all we have to say.

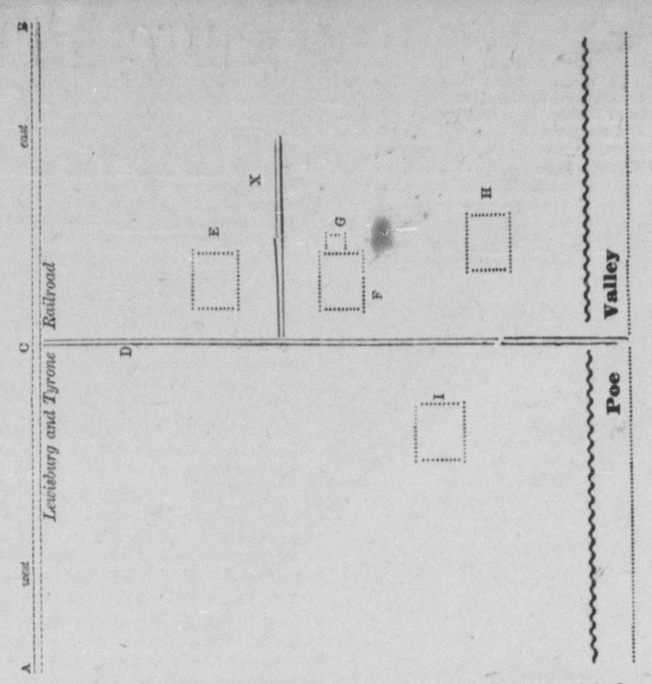
——We are told that the house of Mr. Bartholomew, at the station recently built and occupied by Wm. Kurtz, has been swapped for by Rev. Ciel. Rishel, for 60 acres land belonging to the John Rishel farm beyond Centre Hill. Rev. Rishel, we are informed will move to our town in the spring.

——A rumor having been widely circulated that Professor E. J. Wolf is about to resign his chair in the Theological seminary at Gettysburg, the professor authorizes the statement that the rumor is without a shadow of truth. No one could have been more surprised by it than the doctor himself.

— Our young friend and former neighbor, James Smith, of Williamsport, on Monday night called up our sanctum to treat us to some music by telephone, but the wires refused to do their duty and we could not have the benefit of the sweet strains from his orchestra. Thanks all the same, James, for the intended treat.

——Too great care cannot be exercised in the water we drink. Hon. R. M. Speer, of Huntingdon, had been in the habit of drinking and freely washing in rain water until his whole system became permeated with lead poisoning. See that you have nothing but the purest water to use about your house.

Where the Murder Was Committed, Diagram.



A, Spring Mills; B, Coburn; C, Greenbriar; D, Gap road; E, house of Andrew Weaver, Sr.; F, house of Andrew Weaver, Jr., where the murder was committed; G, Porch where the dead man was found; H, Benj. Wingard's house; I, James Auman's house. From Greenbriar to Weaver's, 1 mile. Distance between And. Weaver, Sr. and Andrew, Jr., 30 yards. X, lane.

ANOTHER MURDER !

PENNSVALLEY THE SCENE OF A HEINOUS CRIME.

Andrew Weaver Stabbed in the Heart. He Dies Instantly.

Centre county, of late, seems to be ahead, for murders.

The scene of the latest tragedy is located in the gap leading from Greenbrier to Poe Valley, about one mile from the L. & T. railroad, and five miles south east of Spring Mills.

Here in a modest mountain home lived Andrew Weaver, aged about 65 years, who has been about ten or twelve years a widower. With him lived, or cohabited, Susan Auman, aged about 56 years, widow of David Auman, *nee* Susan Fryer, and her son, Jonathan Auman.

About thirty yards distant is the dwelling of Andrew Weaver, Jr., whose wife is Fietta Auman, daughter of Susan, aforesaid.

It appears that in the household of the elder Weaver there were frequent quarrels between him and the other parties named above. The social status of these people, it seems was something like a half civilized one.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 28th, it appears a quarrel had taken place, between the old lady and her daughter, Mrs. Weaver, Jr., and the old gentleman which resulted in the elder Weaver receiving a stab in the heart, which caused his death. Young Andy Weaver was away from home, at work, when the fuss took place.

The first news of what had happened, was given by the two women named, who went to neighbors, Ben. Wingards, Mr. Shaffer, and James Auman, telling them to come to their house, that Andy Weaver was stabbed and would bleed to death.

The parties, Mr. Hoover and others, who came to the house first, found the old man Weaver lying outside of the porch, on his face, dead. On being turned a large pool of blood was found under him, and further examination showed that he had been stabbed below the left arm pit, through a heavy army overcoat, through his under coat, vest and shirt, the instrument penetrating the heart, leaving a gash about an inch in length.

Upon further examination the men found a pocket knife between his shirt and vest, near the wound, the little blade to the knife being open. The handle of the knife was stained with blood. This was between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Information was made before Esq. Garthoff at Coburn, and Mrs. Auman, her daughter Fietta Weaver, and Jonathan Auman, were arrested and had a hearing before Esq. Garthoff.

The testimony of the women before the squire was somewhat conflicting The women desired to convey the impression the old man did the stabbing himself or by accident, in falling upon the knife.

The old woman says the old gentleman went over to Fietta's that morning and accused her of stealing some of his things, and insisted that the stolen articles should be returned to him, that he then went off a little distance, returned, and threw stones at the house. Esq. Garthoff tells us stones were seen lying about the house, but no marks that would show that the house had been stoned.

The young woman, Fietta, says that in her effort to get through the door into the house, which her father-in-law endeavored to prevent, her arm became fast in the door, but succeeding in gaining entrance, she went to the window and looking out, saw the old gentleman drop down along side the porch.

The old lady in her statement before Squire Garthoff, said the old man forced open the door and when she got to the house she saw through the window that he had Fietta on the floor and was choking her, and made an effort as if to get his knife from his pocket.

The justice says that from where the woman says she stood and saw through the window what was going on, it was not possible to see into the house at all.

Fietta in her testimony said that old Weaver was not in the house at all, during the time the trouble occurred.

After the hearing before Esq. Garthoff the prisoners, Susan Auman, Fietta Weaver and Jonathan Auman were put aboard the evening train at Coburn, and taken to prison at Bellefonte, to await their trial at April term of court.

The jury upon the remains of the dead man were, D. E. Gentzel, Elias Hoover, J. C. Stover, William Harter, William Hoy and Benjamin Wingard. Their verdict was that Andrew Weaver came to his death from a stab by Fietta Weaver.

At all stations, between Coburn and Bellefonte, there were large crowds anxious to get a glimpse of the prisoners, and at the Bellefonte station there was a great throng for the same purpose.

The reputation of the old woman it appears is clouded with past suspicions of a grave nature. Any further developments in this sad affair will be duly chronicled in future issues of the REPORTER.

Hopkins, the condemned man, to hang on the 20th of next month, when the party were entered in prison, called to see them; the old woman was crying; Hopkins eyed her for a moment and said, "Old woman, what is the use of your bawling, you only butchered an old man. while I killed two women and never shed a tear.

Death of John Coldren.

John Coldren, one of the most estimable citizens of Gregg township, died on last Monday. His remains will be buried at the Cross church, in Georges Valley, on Wednesday forenoon. Mr. Coldren had been ill about a year ago, from a dropsical affection, but had recovered again sufficiently to attend to his duties for the past three months. But it was not a permanent recovery, and death has at length reached him.

He was a gentleman of the kindest disposition, and who would not knowingly do a wrong act. He led a blameless life, and was a devoted member of the Lutheran church. His funeral was largely attended—Rev. Fischer officiating.

Man Shot at Snowshoe.

Several men were shooting at mark near Snowshoe on last Thursday afternoon, when Mike Bordner, one of the party called out to a man named Stachick who was replacing the target, "what a fine shot." "Shoot away," replied Stachick. Taking him at his word Bordner fired, killing Stachick instantly.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Hessel, aged about 60 years, died suddenly at Potters Mills, on Friday afternoon, 24th. She was apparently well and had partaken of a hearty dinner. Soon after she complained of feeling unwell, and at 2 o'clock she was a corpse.

——Ask your storekeeper for Calla Lily flour, and get a No, 1 article.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——Lewins now has his counters stocked with the best lot of ready-made clothing yet brought to Centre county and at the most astonishing low prices. Lewins always leads—he never follows. You never heard a customer complain of any article of clothing purchased of honest Hall Lewins.

JANUARY COURT.

ANDREWS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE.

The Session Creating Unusual Interest. Large Crowds Attending.

Monday morning court was called to order with Judge Furst and Associate Judges Rhoades and Riley on the bench.

The business consisted in granting petitions, etc. The license issued to D. J. Meyer, of the Centre Hall hotel was transferred to Mr. Bartges, the new landlord.

A petition for a new road and the vacation of an old one in Gregg township was granted.

The Grand Jury was called and all responded but two. Isaac Frain, an intelligent farmer and prominent Granger, was appointed as foreman.

In the case of W. H. Young, the man who stole the two $10 bills from a Hungarian in Lyon's store last week, Young plead guilty of the charge. He said he had a wife and family and worked at Collins' furnace. He further said he was drunk at the time. He was held over for sentence on Tuesday morning.

The case in which a number of young men disturbed a religious meeting at Coburn was postponed until Wednesday as important witnesses had not arrived.

The grand jury having found a true bill against the puddlers, Michael Fennecy, James Convoy, John Jamison and Hugh McGrath, charged with riot and resisting a police officer, Joshua Foulk, was then taken up, and the jury found them guilty.

The Com. vs. John Thompson, charged with assaulting policman, etc., and the man who was shot, was tried next.

The jury on the Commonwealth vs. Wm. Beck, Milesburg, Ass. and Bat. case, came in with a verdict of guilty in manner and form as indicted.

THE ANDREWS TRIAL.

At 9.10 Wednesday morning the trial of Alfred Andrews, charged with the murder of Clara Price, was called.

Andrews was brought into court and was well composed and carefully looked over the audience as if to catch a glimpse of some friend. He was requested to stand up and the indictment of murder was read to him by the Prothonotary. He was asked whether "guilty" or "not guilty," and replied "not guilty," and wanted to be tried "By my God and my country."

Col. J. L. Spangler and Ed. Chambers, Esq., appeared for the defendant, and Hon. J. H. Orvis assisted District Attorney Meyer.

DRAWING A JURY.

followed next. The jurors called were:

P W Barnhart, farmer, Boggs twp. Challenged by defense.

David Beechdol, farmer, Liberty twp. Not challenged.

Wm M Adams, Milesburg. Challenged by defense.

J D Ritter, Philipsburg. Not challenged.

Henry Hale, Huston twp. Not challenged.

Wm Dawson, Bellefonte. Stood aside.

Reuben Colyer, Potter twp. Not challenged.

George Martz, College. Not challenged.

Robert McKnight, Bellefonte. Challenged by commonwealth.

Wm Resides, Union twp. Challenged by defense.

Edward Stump, Potter twp. Not challengd.

G W Hoover, Philihsburg. Challenged.

Robert Cooper, Snow Show. Stood aside.

G B Stover, Haines twp. Challenged by defense.

George Flick, Huston twp. Not challenged.

Peter Robb, Jr., Curtin twp. Challenged by defense.

H S Comer, Milesburg. Challenged by defense.

H K Miller, Spring twp. Stood aside.

Emanuel Musser, College twp. Not challenged.

H R Curtin, Curtin twp., challenged by defendant.

A J Stover, Harris twp., chal. by befendant.

Chas Neff, Boggs twp., challenged by defendant:

Ruben Luces, Howard boro., not chal.

Wm Lytle, Half Moon twp., not chal.

Isaac Underwood, Gregg township, challenged by defendent.

Isaac Armstrong, College township, challenged.

Jacob Frantz, Worth township, not challenged.

Wm Peters, Milesburg, stood aside.

Wm Myer, Miles township, challenged by defendent.

G D Armbruster, Gregg township, challenged.

Cyrus Durst, Haines township, not challenged.

Ed Woods, Bellefonte, challenged.

John G Baily, Forguson township

Reuben Colyer, was challenged on the, part of Commonwealth.

W H Noll, Spring twp. Not challenged.

The jury was now complete and Tipstaves Beckwith and Morrison were put in charge of the men.

The jury was sworn as follows:

David Beightol, farmer, Liberty twp.
Cyrus Durst, farmer, Harris twp.
Reuben Lucas, laborer, Howard boro.
Emanuel Musser, farmer, College twp.
W. H. Noll, merchant, Spring twp.
Wm. Lytle, farmer, Half Moon twp.
Geo. Flick, farmer, Huston twp.
J. D. Ritter, Carpenter, Philipsburg.
Edward Stump, farmer, Potter twp.
Geo. Martz, gentleman, College twp.
Henry Dale, laborer, Huston twp.
Jacob Frantz, farmer, Worth twp.

The court then instructed the jury in the duties which they will be called upon to perform and warned them to have no communication with outside parties during the progress of the trial.

Wednesday afternoon the hearing of witnesses began. The court room crowded almost to suffocation.

Judge Furst discharged all jurors except those on the Andrews case.

The crowd is immense to listen to the Andrews murder trial. The court house is packed to its utmost.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

— In spite of all competition Lewin continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5 00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Either of the following engravings, "Evangeline," "Bayard," "Monarch of the Glen" or "The First Step," without advertising on them, size 20 x 24 inches, given with one 50 cent or two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder. These are not cheap lithographs, but works of art. A. D. Bowman, Dentist, Nicholia, Idaho, says, I am using your Ideal Tooth Powder, and find it superior to all others.

The engraving "Evangeline" arrived safely on the 24th of December, making it seem like a Christmas gift. Trusting that Ideal Tooth Powder may flourish, I remain, yours respectfully, Elois Earnest, Denver, Col. One of these engravings without advertising on it worth $1 retail is given with each two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder.

I find Ideal Tooth Powder is without exception the best I have ever used. With its aid I keep my teeth very clean and white, which I was unable to do with any other powder I have ever tried before. So says Ferdinand E. Chartard, Baltimore, Md.

By the way, will you buy and use Ideal Tooth Powder? We can thoroughly recommend it. R. E. Nichols, Dentist, Salina, Kansas, says, Ideal Tooth Powder is in my estimation, just what its name indicates. An engraving 20 x 24 is given with each two bottles. Price 25 cents per bottle.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct3ly

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Jacob Slabig, of Potter twp., dec'd. having been lawfully granted to the undersigned she would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

MARIA SLABIG,
30jan6t Administratrix, Centre Hall.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Office of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Ins. Co. of Centre County, Pa.

CENTRE HALL, PA., January 13, 1890.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the Thirty-second Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable, being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 22,734 71
Cash premiums		1,140 02
Tax No. 17, less per cent. for collection		2,825 37
Cash in Treasury		537 72
Making the total available assets of the past year		27,238 42

EXPENSES.

Compensation of Directors	$ 156 40	
Salary of Secretary	125 00	
Treasurer's salary	50 00	
Extra services of Sec'y	9 95	
Printing, office rent, postage and stationery	196 46	
Election board	5 00	
State Ins. Report	5 00	
Jos. Bitner loss furniture	39 67	
Dale & Co. loss on goods	13 49	
F. Kurtz, loss on house	244 00	
R. E. Bartholomew, damage to house and contents	75 00	
John A. Slack, barn and contents	1362 78	
Kate and Maggie Alexander on premium note	158 59	
Do Interest same	6 76	
Phobe Grenoble loss furniture	316 00	
Do Interest	3 29	
W. F. Reynolds, loss house	880 00	
Do Interest	12 50	
Total assets and funds of the company the past year less expenses		28,548 39
To which add notes of 1885, '6, '7 and '8		82,852 98
Amounting to		106,431 37
Minus cancelations and exonerations		3,586 13
Leaving the available assets in force this day		102,845 24
Insurances taken the past year	263,570 61	
To which add insurances of '85, '6, '7, and '8	947,937 31—	1,211,507 92
Minus cancelations		40,373 09
Making risks and insurances this day		1,171,134 92

LIABILITIES.

Frances L. Weaver	54 56	
C. W. Hosterman	84 00	
J. A. Slack	87 62	
W. F. Reynolds	120 00	
Phoebe Grenoble	43 00	
Borrowed money	1250 00	
Total amount of liabilities		1,538 18
Amount outstanding		1,033 22

At a meeting held the same day the following Directors were chosen for the ensuing year: S. J. Herring, Samuel Gramley, Daniel Brungard, Samuel Slack, Wm. McFarlane, J. B. Fisher, Jacob Bottorf, H. C. Campbell, J. G. Bartley, H. E. Duck, Fred Kurtz, J. H. Musser.

Whereupon the Board organized by electing the following officers:

President, Fred Kurtz.
Vice President, S. J. Herring.
Treasurer, Wm. Wolf.
Secretary, D. F. Luse.

Attest:

FRED KURTZ, President.
D. F. LUSE, Secretary.

The Harrisburg Patriot

ALL THE NEWS FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

The Harrisburg Daily Patriot, containing full Associated Press news and attractive special matter, will be sent by mail to any address at the following rates: $5.00 per year; $2.50 for six months or 45 cents per month, cash with the order.

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WANTED.

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Liberal Pay Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write Fred E Young, Nurs rynan, Rochester, N. Y. A PRESENT. If you become my agent and sell $100, will give $2 for copy of this ad. Cut it out. 19dec3m

Bargains! New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Comeand see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.

Great Reduction in Furniture!

8-Pieced Ash Chamber Suits, at $24. Solid Oak Suits, 8 pieces, $27. Solid Walnut, 3 pieces, $35, Solid Cherry, 8 pieces, $38. Parlor Suits all prices. Chairs and Bedsteads, all prices. Bureaus, Washstands, Hall Racks, Side Boards, Ward Robes, a large line, which I am selling very low. Lounges, and Couches, Extension and other tables,

Call and see my stock and learn my prices and be convinced that for the same quality of goods I cannot be undersold.

UNDERTAKING.

In all its branches. Having years of experience, and all the latest and most improved methods of caring for the dead and being a practical embalmer will guarantee satisfaction.

J. W. McCormick.